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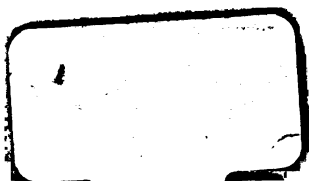
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SCOTTISH CHAP-BOOKS.

BY

JOHN FRASER.

PART I.



NEW YORK :

HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER, 744 BROADWAY.

1873.

THE
HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS
OF
SCOTLAND.

BY
JOHN FRASER.

PART I.

NEW YORK:
HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER, 744 BROADWAY.
1873.



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TO
ALEXANDER SCOTT, ESQUIRE,
GREENOCK, SCOTLAND.

(Mæcenæ, atavis edite regibus, &c.)

I.

Go, little book, across the throbbing seas,
To bear from me and mine,
Some humble tribute of the love we owe
A friend of "auld lang syne."

II.

No more this hand may "tak' a haud o' his,"
No more these eyes may trace
The kindly smile, the unaffected look,
Of that familiar face.

III.

Ah! nevermore those hours so full of light,
Of well-remembered talks,
By lovely Barrochan's romantic braes
And ivy-shaded walks!

IV.

But hearts may touch where hands can never meet,
And mine goes out to home;
To dear old Scotland yearning hands I stretch
Across the salt sea-foam.

v.

And most to him, whose well-stocked mind is rich
In long-forgotten lore
Of local history, and curious tales
Of the brave days of yore :

vi.

In road-side legends, snatches of old rhymes,
And pawky Scottish wit,—
Whereof some weak reflection men may find
In these poor pages writ.

vii.

Go, therefore, little book, across the seas,
To bear from me and mine,
This humble tribute of the love we owe
That friend of "auld lang syne."

P R E F A C E .

The materials for this volume were collected in Scotland, in which country it was intended that it should have been first published. Circumstances, however, called the author suddenly to America, while yet his Chap-labours were unfinished; and until he is able to resume his researches on native ground, they cannot be completed. The following chapters, therefore, are merely an installment of a larger work, which may, or may not, be written. Their chief claim to notice is that they contain the results of original investigations in a thoroughly fresh and unexplored field; and, as such, are offered as a humble but sincere contribution to the literature of his native land, by

THE AUTHOR.

New York, May 1, 1873.

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davantage s'ils demandaient qui n'a pas son almanach ?" So it may be asked, what are not chap-books ? *Chambers's Encyclopædia* defines them as "a variety of old and scarce tracts of a homely kind, which at one time formed the only popular literature. In the trade of the bookseller they are distinguishable from the ordinary products of the press by their inferior paper and typography, and are reputed to have been sold by chapmen or peddlers." This, however, is not nearly comprehensive enough, including but a very small portion of the literature embraced under the class 'chap:' for chap-books vary greatly in shape, price, and character ; from the half-penny villainously printed sheet of paper or broadsheet, containing the last dying speech and confession of Nichol Mushet, the murderer, to the neatly bound and fairly printed "History of the Rebellion in 1745," consisting of some 200 pages, and illustrated with diagrams and a likeness of the author. In short, 'chap-book' was the name given to almost every species of publication that was hawked round the country districts of Scotland last century,—

including broadsides of all kinds; humorous sketches, sacred and profane; political and sectarian squibs; histories, romantic and narrative; jest-books and manuals of instruction in dancing, cookery, charms, and the interpretation of dreams: ranging in price from a farthing to a six-pence and a shilling each. Originally, the word had a more limited signification; the earliest chap-books being nearly uniform in size and price. Each volume consisted of a twenty-four-page single sheet, duodecimo, execrably coarse in texture, dirty gray or whity-brown in colour, illustrated by one or more rough woodcuts, and printed in a rude and unfinished style of typography. In size and shape they were identical with their modern representatives, which are still issued in large numbers under the name of 'penny histories,' and are sold at country fairs and gatherings in Britain by travelling packmen. The prefix 'chap' originally meant 'to cheap or cheapen,' as in the word 'cheapening-place,' meaning a market-place,—hence the English Cheapside and Eastcheap. 'Chapman' is the designation given to those

peddlers, or, as they were often called, 'flying' or 'itinerant' stationers, who at one time were the only merchants in rural districts; and the literature, which they carried nicely assorted in their packs in little pigeon-holes, was called chap-books.

§ 2. It is not our intention to treat of chap-books in the larger signification of the word. That would necessitate the introduction of several chapters on love-songs, ballads, party squibs, and miscellaneous tracts, which have been discussed repeatedly by many eminent men; and to the information already accumulated regarding which no one, who did not devote the greater part of his life to the work, could hope to add any thing new. While, therefore, it will be necessary to refer incidentally to these forms of literature, these chapters will be devoted to a consideration of those humorous penny histories, and sketches—mostly of local origin, and consisting generally of twenty-four pages—which may be said to have sprung into existence toward the middle of last century, and to which we must turn for the fullest and truest expression of

the habits, humours, and every-day life of the Scottish commonalty during that period.

§ 3. Motherwell, the Paisley poet, writing forty-eight years ago, says, "in truth it is no exaggeration when we state, that he who desires to acquire a thorough knowledge of low Scottish life, vulgar manners, national characteristics, and popular jokes, must devote his days and nights to the study of *John Cheap, the chapman*; *Leper, the tailor*; *Paddy from Cork*; *the Whole Proceedings of Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*; *Janet Clinker's Orations*; *Simple John and his twelve Misfortunes*, etc." Yet how few modern readers, even in Scotland, are familiar with so much as the titles of the tracts just enumerated? But a few years ago, *John Cheap* and his brethren were distributed broadcast over Scotland by countless flying stationers, and sold in thousands at every fair, hamlet and country gathering north of the Tweed; yet at this hour their very names are forgotten, and the original or unexpurgated editions are to be found only on the shelves of antiquarians and old-booksellers

As early as 1824, Motherwell was unable to make a complete collection of them; and in his eloquent introduction to "Scottish Songs," published in 1825, Allan Cunningham laments "that those little copies have vanished before the influence of a more fleeting literature." Abridged versions of most of them are still in circulation, but the veritable narratives, which formed the intellectual food and amusement of the common people for nearly a hundred years, are now all but passed away and forgotten. There are many reasons why this is to be regretted; not the least cogent being that no record of the history and character of this kind of literature remains, to throw light upon the manners and tastes of a bygone age. More attention is paid to the subject in France. In 1852 the Imperial Government of that country appointed a Commission to examine into the character and influence of French chap-books; and two years later the secretary to the Commissioners published a semi-official work, in two handsome and beautifully illustrated volumes, entitled, "*Histoire des Livres Pop-*

ulaires ou de la Littérature du Colportage, depuis le *XVe* siècle jusqu'à l'établissement de la Commission d'examen des livres du colportage, (30 novembre, 1852,) par M. Charles Nisard, Secrétaire-adjoint de la Commission. Paris, Librairie D'Amoyot, Editeur, 8, rue de la Paix, mdcccliv." In England, again, Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, to whom students of literature are so deeply indebted, has done something to rescue from oblivion the '*littérature du colportage*' of that country, and more than one antiquarian has performed a like service for that of Ireland. But Scottish chap-books, superior in every respect to kindred productions in England, Ireland, and France, have been altogether ignored. This is the more to be wondered at when it is remembered, that Sir Walter Scott was so impressed with the importance of the subject, that he entertained serious intentions of undertaking some such work as that here desiderated. Motherwell, too, cherished a like design, and went so far as to make a fair collection of the necessary material; but all that he has left is a few brief notes in a

local journal of which he was editor—the “Paisley Magazine for 1824.” In the article referred to, Motherwell reveals one secret of his failure. After explaining, with a groan, that he had at one time possessed a fair assortment of the original editions of many popular penny histories, the enraged editor goes on to say, “but some unprincipled scoundrel has relieved us of that treasure. There are a number of infamous creatures, who acquire large libraries and curious things by borrowing books they never mean to return, and some not unfrequently slide a volume into their pocket at the very moment you are fool enough to busy yourself in showing them some nice-typographic gem, or bibliographic rarity. These dishonest and heartless villains ought to be cut above the breath whenever they cross the threshold. They deserve no more courtesy than was of old vouchsafed to witches, under bond and indenture to the devil.” This failure on the part both of Scott and Motherwell, undoubtedly the two most competent men of their age for the task, is the more unfortunate because they

have left so few behind them able and willing to undertake the duty. With the exception of Dr. Laing, of Edinburgh, whose hands are already full, and to whom Scotland owes so much for his splendid and unselfish labours in the cause of her early literature, there is no well-known writer from whom we should naturally expect a work of the kind. It was mainly the consciousness of this fact, and the knowledge that each fresh delay but made more difficult the task of investigation and research, that impelled the writer to move in the matter, and throw together such facts as he succeeded in gleaning, in connection with a subject of which so little is, and so much ought to be, known.

Besides the brief and not quite accurate paper in the *Paisley Magazine*, above mentioned, and a few lines in *Chambers's Journal* and *Encyclopædia* there is absolutely nothing in the language on the subject of Scottish chap-books. The late Dr. Strang of Glasgow, in his entertaining gossip about Glasgow clubs, remarks, in a foot-note to a brief notice of Dougal Graham,—“A his-

tory of the vulgar literature of Scotland has been long and is unquestionably still a desideratum, for certainly nothing could tend to throw so much light on the manners and tastes of the great body of the people as such a work." Twenty years have elapsed since the publication of "Glasgow and its Clubs," and up to this writing no attempt has been made to fill the long-felt gap in the national literature of Scotland, which so moved the sympathies of Sir Walter Scott, Motherwell, and Dr. Strang.

§ 4. Professed history is too frequently confined to a record of the more striking results of the passions and virtues of eminent personages, and the transactions of a nation in its collective capacity—to the neglect of the nice shades of moral and social progress, the private life of the *dramatis personæ*, and, of course, of the great public—whose mode of living, thoughts, loves, sorrows, joys, hopes, and fears were, until lately, considered to be unworthy the notice of the historian. And yet what is thought, and said, and felt is as real history, and as important to be known, as that which

is visibly done by man to man. It is impossible thoroughly to understand the history of Scotland, or the character of her people during the last century, without studying these vulgar, but graphic and intensely Scottish, productions under review. For many years they constituted the chief and universal literature of old and young, among the lower and agricultural middle classes, throughout the lowlands; and in them we have reflected the mind, superstitions, customs, and language of the people who read them, more accurately and vividly than in the stately pages of Robertson or of Hume. In every point of view the Chap-book is full of interest. It guides us to the manners and customs of an age gone by; it reveals to us the popular mind and feelings more surely and sharply than the most elaborate treatise; its incidents are strongly felt and forcibly described; its images, those which Nature suggests, not the combinations of refined art: and the customs, adventures, and superstitions narrated, are clothed in the rude, simple, energetic and nervous language of a half-unlettered people.

They originated in the necessities of an age just sufficiently educated to feel the want of cheap literature, and cut off by the puritanical and traditional austerities of the clergy and people, from popular amusements and sports. They filled the place now occupied by cheap concerts, lectures, newspapers, and the shoal of serial publications which cater for the public taste. But, apart from their historical value, they claim for themselves a distinct and unique place in literature, for their intrinsic and literary merits. It has been too much the fashion to regard rough, idyllic sketches like *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, as rude, illiterate productions, possessing a considerable share of humour, but interesting chiefly for their grossness and rarity. It will be shown by-and-by that they are much more and much other than this; that the most characteristic of them are written with extraordinary vigour, humour, and dramatic skill: and are entitled to be ranked with such classical masterpieces as the humorous narratives in the *Canterbury Tales*. But before proceeding to trace their history and growth, and to

criticise in detail their merits and defects, it will be necessary briefly to sketch the political, literary, and domestic features of the age, on which the chap-books throw so strong and truthful a light.

§ 5. On the 15th of November, 1688—day ever memorable in the annals of Britain—William, Prince of Orange, landed with his army in England, to take possession of the throne made vacant by that weak-headed bigot, James: and on the eleventh of April, 1689, William and Mary were crowned at London, and proclaimed at Edinburgh. Three months later, Prelacy was officially abolished, and the Presbyterian form of Church government which now exists established in its stead. At the same time, the parochial system of schools, concerning which several tentative enactments had been previously passed, was finally settled. These, and other measures, went some way to consolidate the hold of the new sovereigns on the affections of the Scottish nation; and, if they had been left to work out their results in peace, would probably have put an end to the disaffection and broils which, for many

years afterward, kept the country in a continual state of fermentation. But, unfortunately, the new Government soon turned its back on Scotland; intent only on the depression of France, and the overthrow of the Roman Catholic interest in Europe. This might have passed unnoticed by the public, if it had not been for the stupendous bungling and wickedness of William's subordinates, which brought about the tragedy of Glencoe, on the 13th of February, 1692. Scarcely had the nation recovered from the shock occasioned by this atrocity, when it was a second time overwhelmed, by the disastrous Darien expedition; the collapse of which was mainly owing to the unjust and short-sighted jealousy and opposition of the English Government. A great famine, which laid waste the country about the same time, aggravated the already embittered feelings of the people; which were further intensified by the ratification of the Act of Union in February, 1707, (Queen Anne being then on the throne,) in direct and flagrant opposition to the expressed wishes of the whole Scottish nation. This,

which eventually proved an incalculable blessing to both countries, was at first a fertile source of jealousy, heart-burning, and discontent. To make bad worse, several statutes were passed immediately afterwards that pressed severely and specially on the Scots; and every thing was done that could exasperate, and left undone that might conciliate, their affections. All these things incensed a people naturally proud; making a revolution possible, and turning the eyes not only of Jacobites and Catholics, but of Pope-detesting Presbyterians, to the exiled house of Stuart. An event soon occurred to precipitate the impending crisis. On the 1st of August, 1714, Queen Anne died, her husband having predeceased her by twelve years, and the Elector of Hanover was called to the throne, under the title of George the First. The new King inaugurated his accession to power by unceremoniously turning the Tories out of doors, and replacing them with Whigs; which so enraged some of the already disaffected noblemen, that the Earl of Mar, with one or two others, hurried north to his Scotch

estates, and raised the standard of revolt in the name of the Pretender, on the 6th of September, 1715. Scotland must have been terribly provoked before the country could rise, as it did, in large numbers, to place a Catholic on the throne. From the first, however, misfortune dogged the footsteps of the rebels; and when, on December 22d, the ill-fated son of James VII. landed at Peterhead, he found his cause at the point of collapsing. In little more than two months, owing to general imbecility and want of spirit, the ruin of the Pretender's hopes was completed; and, on February 7th, the fast dwindling army of rebels was disbanded at Aberdeen. About this time, the good effects produced by the Union on the commerce of the country began to be realized in the lowlands, particularly in Glasgow; which, being favorably situated with respect to the American and West-Indian colonies, was fast losing its character of a small episcopal town, and assuming that of a great manufacturing capital. In the commercial centres of the South the old feeling of disaffection and resentment was on the

wane; and Glasgow was among the first to raise and dispatch a contingent to aid Argyll in crushing the rebellion. But Glencoe is not in Lanarkshire, and north of the Grampians the popular feeling still ran in another and quite opposite direction. As late almost as 1800, Scotland may be said to have consisted of two great divisions, inhabited respectively by people of different race, language, and manners. The larger in surface, a range of mountain pastures, was held by Celts; possessing all the peculiarities of that people unmodified, with many of the common characteristics of pastoral and half-savage life,—faithful, brave, hardy; patient of suffering, but constitutionally indolent; incapable of sustained exertion: and superstitiously averse from change. They had lived hitherto regardless of all law but the will of their chiefs,—ignorant of all patriotism beyond a passionate attachment to their native glens.

Across the 'Highland Line' was a people differing in all respects from their northern neighbours—frugal, and patient of toil; cautious yet not cowardly, nor devoid of enter-

prise; sober-minded; not generally imaginative, but with a vein of romance capable of being excited to the highest enthusiasm: and tenacious of purpose to obstinacy. In spite of local circumstances, this people had early taken a part in the intellectual struggle of Europe. A national system of schools had spread the benefit of education through all classes; and, although by no means bustling politicians, yet in questions affecting their liberty or religion, no people could be more energetic, or more splendidly lavish of their goods and lives.

With [their Highland countrymen they had no sympathy; regarding them as aliens in blood and language, and little better than lawless and dangerous barbarians. The recollection of the ill-fated Darien expedition, and the misgovernment of William and Mary, had begun to fade from the minds of men engaged in active business and prosperous pursuits; and the good results of the Union were beginning to make themselves seen, in rapidly increasing towns, growing intelligence and comfort, security of life, and commercial activity. These

beneficial influences had not yet pierced into the mountainous recesses of the North, where still, as ever, the name of Englishman was synonymous with injustice and oppression.

On the wild and hardy highlanders the claims of hereditary loyalty had made a deep impression, which their own wrongs, and the military glories of Montrose and Dundee, had combined to deepen. Thus, while south of the Firth of Forth and Tay, George I. held sway over a peaceful, industrious, and well-disposed people,—north of that line his rule was utterly and fiercely disowned, by rebellious and warlike clans; nearly as different from their southern brethren in manners, ideas, dress, and language, as if they had been born west of the Alleghanies. To this state of matters the Government were not sufficiently alive; and, whether from supineness or ignorance, they allowed the feeling of isolation and disaffection, which had spread through the northren countries, to smoulder unheeded amid the glens; while the exiled Stuarts used every means to keep it alive, until such

time as it suited them to fan it into the flame of open rebellion. Thus, while the lowlanders, who were mostly Whigs or Presbyterians, were experiencing the benefits of the Union, in the rapid multiplication of their factories, schools, and shipping—their ruder neighbours, who were chiefly Jacobites or Episcopalians and Catholics, were as ready in 1745, as they had been thirty years before, to declare themselves for the Stuart line. An opportunity at length offered, and on the 22d of June, 1745, Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender's son, landed on the west coast with a retinue of seven persons; preparatory to raising the standard of revolt at Glenfinnan, on the 19th of August following. Into the details of the young Pretender's daring but ill-starred enterprise it is unnecessary to enter. It is sufficient to say, that the same cruel fate which had never ceased to dog the royal line of Stuart, from the assassination of James the First, continued to pursue the brave but misguided Charles, whose hopes were forever overthrown and crushed on the field of Culloden, 16th April, 1746.

To Scotland, the immediate consequences of the rebellion were temporary oppression by the English troops, and the ruin of many noble families. Its remoter consequences were of a different character. The attention of the Government was now most effectually roused to the condition of the Highlands; and decisive measures were at once adopted to eradicate all seeds of disloyalty, by a summary dissolution of the old patriarchal system. For this purpose, in 1747, the hereditary jurisdictions were purchased or wrested from the heads of clans; a new act was passed for the more effectual disarmament of the Highlanders; and another, which however was repealed soon after as inexpedient and oppressive, prohibiting the wearing of tartan clothes. The tenure of ward-holdings was abolished; and legislative provision was made for the regular administration of justice by the King's judges throughout North Britain. The rebellion did good, too, by setting forever at rest the Stuart claims, and permitting the people to settle down in tranquil industry under the Brunswick

sway. An immense impulse was in this way given to the national prosperity. The whole system of trade, husbandry, and manufactures, which had hitherto proceeded by slow degrees, began to make rapid advances; and the increased communication between the Highlands, Lowlands, and England broke down, in some measure, the barriers which the ignorance and prejudices of centuries had helped to rear,—so that the movement was not isolated or confined to the large towns, but was the outcome of the simultaneous exertion of the united strength of the whole nation.

The commencement of the reign of George III., in 1760, marks another era of great improvement in the condition of Scotland. Through the wise influence and advice of the Earl of Bute—whom, shortly after his accession to the throne, George placed at the head of affairs—Scotland obtained for the first time that share of general consideration and public employment to which it was entitled. All animosities respecting succession were now at rest; the people were experiencing the good effects of trade

and industry; and with wealth came refinement of manners, and a more general diffusion of the comforts of life. It is unnecessary to pursue this branch of inquiry further. The above rude outline is merely meant to serve as a reminder, to refresh the memory of the reader, and prepare him for the right understanding of what follows.

§ 6. The eighteenth century was eminently a transition age; so are all periods more or less, but in this case the transition from a lower to a much higher level was unprecedentedly rapid. Hand labour was giving place to machinery; ignorance and coarseness to knowledge and light; old landmarks were being obliterated; old institutions assailed. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up, and the prejudices and customs—legacies of a thousand years—were passing away never to return. Although printing had been established in Edinburgh and Glasgow in the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries respectively, and had crossed the Grampians in 1622, books were still too rare, expensive, and learned, to be widely circulated

or read. The educational condition of the people was indeed deplorable. In schools the universal text-book was the Catechism; and the library of a well-to-do farmer consisted of that treatise, a Bible, and a collection of penny histories and broadsides. Comparatively few in the humbler ranks could read or write; and the chief intellectual food of the people, in the earlier part of the century, was the songs and ballads recited and sung by peasants or peddlers, who took the place of the old minstrels, whom the Reformation had swept away with kindred "follies." From 1567 may be dated the publication of broadsides, which then began to be issued in considerable numbers from the Edinburgh press. It is doubtful how far they were circulated among the common people. The probability is that they were not popularly read until well on in the 17th century. In 1644, the Rev. Zachary Boyd complained to the General Assembly that "their schools and country were stained, yea pestered, with idle books, and their children fed on fables, love-songs, bandry ballads, heathen husks, youth's poison." The year 1696 saw

the establishment of the Presbyterian Church, and the system of parochial schools ; the beneficial results of which began after some years to show themselves in a general improvement of the national tone, and a growing desire for intellectual food. Increased facilities for education and increased security of property, co-operated powerfully to soften and modify the national character, and divert energies, hitherto misspent or misdirected, into channels of morality and industrial pursuits. But it was long before these good results became vulgarly apparent. Many circumstances combined to retard and hinder the national progress. Of such were the political fermentation in the north ; the want of means of communication throughout the country ; the inequality of the laws, and the maladministration of justice ; and the superstition and ignorance of the people generally. On these points Sir Archibald Grant, a Highland laird of the time under review, gives clear and decisive evidence. According to this authority, husbandry and manufactures were in very low esteem for many years after the Union.

So long as the feudal system continued in force, land was looked upon rather as a source of power than of revenue. Even in years of abundance, all its produce was consumed on the spot, being obtained by the unskilled and desultory labours of men, whose only object was to secure the means of subsistence, and whose regular employment was war. These retainers lived in wretched one-roomed hovels, crowded around the castle of their chief. The arable land in the neighbourhood was kept constantly under corn crops; and beyond it, a large tract was occupied in common, chiefly in the pasturage of cattle. Sir Archibald informs us, in his reminiscences, that turnips in fields, for cattle, were wondered at; wheat was confined to East-Lothian; inclosures were few, and planting was very little; roads were excessively rare, and, without exception, bad, there being no one to repair them; while north of the Tay there were no coaches, chariots, or chaises, and even carts were almost unknown. A friend of Sir Archibald, one Colonel Middleton, was the first person who employed

carts or waggons at Aberdeen ; and these two were the first to possess hay north of the Forth. Table and body-linen were coarse in texture, and seldom shifted ; movable necks and sleeves being worn by the upper classes. Wooden, mud, and thatched houses existed in large numbers within the gates in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen ; while without, few houses of any better kind were to be found. Tyranny reigned everywhere. Nobles and chiefs were tyrants ; so were the clergy and the privy council, and the bailies and magistrates : and there was no such thing as fixed property or liberty. Grant's account of his own paternal estate in Aberdeenshire, then not behind the greater part of Scotland, is important.

“By the indulgence of a very worthy father, I was allowed, when very young, to begin to inclose, and plant, and provide, and prepare nurseries. At the time (1716), there was not one acre on the whole estate inclosed, nor any timber upon it, but a few elm, sycamore, and ash, about a small kitchen garden adjoining to the house, and

some straggling trees at some of the farmyards, with a small copsewood not inclosed, and dwarfish, and browsed by sheep and cattle. All the farms ill-disposed and mixed; different persons having alternate ridges; not one wheel-carriage on the estate, nor indeed any one road that would allow it, and the rent about £600 sterling per annum; grain and services converted to money. The house was an old castle, with battlements, and six different roofs, of various heights and directions, confusedly and inconveniently combined, and all rotten; with two wings, more modern, of two stories only; the half of the windows of the higher rising above the roofs; with granaries, stables, and houses, for all cattle and the vermin attending them, close adjoining; and with the heath and moor reaching in angles or gushets to the gate, and much heath near, and what land near that was in culture belonged to the farms, by which *their cattle and dung were always at the door*. The whole land raised and uneven, and full of stones, many of them very large, of a hard iron quality, and all the ridges crooked in shape

of an S, and very high and full of noxious weeds, and poor, being worn out by culture, without proper manure or tillage. Much of the land and moor near the house poor and boggy; the rivulet that runs before the house in pits and shallow streams, often varying channels, with banks always ragged and broken. The people poor, ignorant, and slothful, and ingrained enemies to planting, inclosing, or any improvements or cleanliness; no keeping of sheep, or cattle, or roads; farm-houses, and even corn-mills, and manse and school, all *poor, dirty huts, pulled in pieces for manure, or fell of themselves, almost each alternate year.*"

§ 7. This account of the carriages and roads is confirmed by all the chap-books of last century, in not one of which is a coach, cart, or waggon once alluded to. People who went on journeys used horses, and travellers were divided into two classes—equestrian and pedestrian. In *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, composed and published after 1750, Jockie and his mother pay a visit to a friend who resides in the neighbourhood. So in the morning, "the brose

being done, an' a' things ready, Jock halters the black mare, lays on the sunks an' a covering—~~fine~~ furniture for a country wife. Jockie mounts an', his mither behind him, trots awa' till coming down the brae aboon John Davie's well, the auld beast being unferry o' the feet, she foundered before, the girth an' curple brake, Jockie tumbled o'er her lugs, an' his mither out o'er him, in the well wi' a slunge." In the same way when Maggie ran for Uncle Rabby, and Uncle Rabby sent for Sandy the Souter of Seggyhole, "The Souter saddled his mare, an' Uncle Rabby got off at a gallop on his grey powney."

To make matters worse, the few roads which did exist were little better than beaten tracks, made rugged and at times impassable by swollen torrents, or mountain thieves and caterans. Regular communication was all but unknown, and in 1763 there was only one stage-coach between Scotland and London. This conveyance set out from Edinburgh once a month, and took from fifteen to eighteen days to get over the ground. In 1678, an attempt was made to run a

coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, but it fell through for want of support. Sixty-five years later, in 1743, the magistrates of both cities tried to induce one John Walker to start one, to travel twice a week from either town, the Glasgow officials guaranteeing him the sale of two hundred tickets yearly in their own city. But the scheme was thought too risky, and fell through. In 1749, a respectable citizen from the Trongate, named John McIlquham, went on a journey to London, and was ever afterward called 'London John.' Amusing evidence to the same effect is furnished by Lord Lovat's account of a journey from Inverness to Edinburgh in 1740.

"I came off on Wednesday, the 30th of July, from my own house, dined at your sister's, and did not halt at Inverness, but came all night to Corribrough, with Evan Baillie and Duncan Fraser; and my chariot did very well. I brought my wheelwright with me the length of the Avemore, in case of accidents, and there I parted with him, because he declared that my chariot would go safe enough to London; but I was not

eight miles from the place, when, on the plain road, the axletree of the hind wheels broke in two, so that my girls were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself, though I was very tender and the day very cold. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by a force of men, where I got an English wheelwright and a smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot; and, after paying very dear for their work, and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven, when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach, where my honest landlord, Charles McGlassian, told me that the Duke of Athol had two as good workmen at Blair as were in the kingdom, and that I would get my chariot as well mended there as at London. Accordingly, I went there and stayed a night, and got my chariot very well mended by a good wright and a good smith. I thought then I was pretty secure till I came to this place. I was storm-stayed two days at Castle Drummond by the most

tempestuous weather of wind and rain that I ever remember to see. The Dutchess of Perth and Lady Mary Drummond were excessively kind and civil to my daughters and to me; and sent their chamberlain to conduct me to Dunblaine, who happened to be very useful to us that day; for I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond, when the axletree of my fore-wheels broke in two in the midst of the hill, betwixt Drummond and the Bridge of Erdock, and we were forced to sit in the hill with a boisterous day, till chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down to the Strath, and bring wrights, and carts, and smiths, to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forced to stay five or six hours, till there was a new axletree made; so that it was dark night before we came to Dunblaine, which is but eight miles from Castle Drummond; and we were all much fatigued. The next day we came to Lithgow, and the day after that, we arrived here; so that we were twelve days on our journey by our misfortunes, which was seven days more than ordinary."

Even in Glasgow and Edinburgh, private carriages were exceedingly rare, the fashionable mode of conveyance being the sedan-chair. In some verses, entitled *John Highlandman's Remarks on Glasgow*, by Dougal Graham, author of the *Metrical History of the Rebellion of '45*, already mentioned, and whose name will occur frequently in the course of this book, we have a humorous description of one of these chairs—

“ And tere I saw another mattam,
 Into a tarry sack,
 And twa poor mans be carry her,
 Wi' rapes about him's neck—

She pe sae fu' o' faulty,
 As no gang on the grun',
 Put twa poor mans pe carry her,
 In a barrow covered abune'.”

§ 8. This want of roads and means of communication, necessarily isolated districts and communities from the rest of the country; and, in the Highlands especially, proved a fertile source of evil. Cattle-lifting, blackmail, and highway robberies abounded; and where there was no security there could not be any deep attachment to the reigning govern-

ment. The inhabitants of the Highlands generally, and of the adjacent country, were grievously oppressed by gangs of lawless thieves and robbers from the remote north, who stole and openly carried off their horses and cows; and as Badenoch, in particular, lay near the seats of those ruffians, great numbers of its inhabitants were reduced to beggary. Several attempts were made to obviate these evils, but without success, until Macpherson, of Cluny, in the summer of 1744, undertook — on consideration of being paid a certain sum to be raised by general subscription — to rid the district of thieves, to recover stolen property, and to become liable for the losses sustained by any one who contributed to the relief fund. This was, in fact, a revised edition of the black-mail system pursued by Rob Roy, who, however, stole more cattle than he recovered. In Cluny's hands it proved completely successful: so much so, that when a certain clergyman began a sermon on the heinous nature of the crime of theft, an old Highlander in the audience interrupted him with the remark, that he need not say anything on that subject, as

Cluny with his broadsword had done more to check thieving, than all the ministers put together could do by their sermons. This general insecurity was not confined to Scotland, but extended to all parts of the Kingdom, and furnished material for the large collection of cheap literature, devoted to deeds of violence, bloodshed and highway robberies. Among the best known of these works are,—*McPherson's Rant, Rob Roy, Jack Shepherd, Dick Turpin, The Gentleman Robber, George Barnwell, David Haggart, The Negro Robber, Jack Mansong, The Female Robber, The Irish Assassin, The Bloody Gardener, Redmond O'Hanlan, McPherson, Fleemy, Balf, Gilder Roy, Donald McDonald, and Moll Flanders.*

§ 9. Hand-in-hand with the want of cheap, intelligent literature, went that lusty handmaiden of ignorance—Superstition. An unbeliever in charms, dreams, fortune-telling, witchcraft, and the visible activity of elves, brownies, witches, warlocks, and the devil, with other superhuman and demoniacal agencies, was accounted little better than an

atheist. Fishermen purchased a fair wind and a heavy 'take' from some sham Æolus; maids and mistresses consulted the travelling conjuror as to the time and results of their marriage; and if a child fell sick, or a cow's milk failed, or the horse took the 'balts,' or the good man had an unusually severe headache after a 'spree,'—it was attributed to the 'evil eye.' The clicking of the death-watch, the rites of Hallowe'en and New Year, and the 'candle spail,' were regarded with reverence and fear; and every woman in the land read her fortune in her tea-cup.

Thus, in *The Coalman's Courtship*, when Sawny comes home drunk, and is put to bed, pale and haggard, his mother cries,—

"Wa Sawny man, what's come o'er thee now?
Thou's gotten skaith; some auld wife's bewitched
ye!"

So, too, *Janet Clinker's Orations* is full of superstitious allusions. Two old gossips, Maggy and Janet, are discussing the affairs of the parish, when the former expresses her surprise, that the "deils dinna flee on the minister whan he flytes and miscas them sae;" and asks her friend

Cluny
to ch... On which
togeth...

gent... they are neither
lar... of them
do... the world,

Indeed, they
... of them,
... the very witches is
... when
... ha'f
... claise, ae
... ten men's
... goblins, fairies and
... death, and no hole to
... Hard ye no tell o' the
... the time cried, "Ochon,
... "Hech," quo she, "wha
... the Deil." "Och, Shenet,
... the de'il has gotten a gun!"

In the *Measures of Matrimony* the
... visits a conjuror, to dis-
... a certain gallant is in love
... and the gallant himself
... on a similar errand.
... the incident in the *History of*
... the *Chapman*, where John, on

This reminds one of Milton's drudging goblin, whose
... by night would thrash the corn
... That ten day-labourers could not end."

being refused bread and milk by the miserable farmer's wife, who, after three or four long straws, and uttering some gibberish, pretends to bewitch the cows in the byre: handing over the kirk butter and milk, sap and substance, without and within to the tender mercies of the enemy of mankind.

In the Highlands, the faculty of second-sight was invariably and implicitly believed in, and every parish boasted its seer or seers, of both sexes. The vision came upon the seer without premonition. If, in the morning, the prediction was expected to be fulfilled within a few hours; if, at noon, not for days. Was a woman seen standing at a man's left hand?—the vision presaged the marriage of the pair; and if several women stood in a row beside a man, the one next him would be his first wife, and the second nearest his second, the third his third, and so on. Sometimes, a spectre or brownie intervened to produce the phenomenon. At one time almost every family in Zetland had a brownie, to whom they gave sacrifice for his service. When they churned their milk, a portion of it was sprinkled on every

"if she thinks they hear him?" On which Janet :

"Ay, they hear and see too, they are neither blind nor bleer'd; but ay whan ye speak o' them name the day, cry its Wednesday thro' a' the world, and there's nae fear o' you"—— "Indeed, they say there's black deils and white anes o' them, humel anes and horn'd anes, the very witches is ha'f deils whan they're living, and hale anes whan they're dead. The brownies are ha'f dogs, ha'f deils, a' rough but the mouth, seeks nae claise, ae man's meat will sare them and they'll do ten men's wark in ae night; * for it's hobgoblins, fairies and elfs, that shoots folk's beasts to death, and no hole to be seen in the skin o' them. H'ard ye no tell o' the twa Highland wives? how the tane cried, "Ochon, Shenet, my cow is shot!" "Hoch," quo she, "wha shot her?" "Deed, it was the Deil." "Och, Shenet, we'll a' be shot whan the de'il has gotten a gun!"

In *The Pleasures of Matrimony* the young lady's maid visits a conjuror, to discover whether a certain gallant is in love with her mistress; and the gallant himself goes to the same place on a similar errand. So, again, the incident in the *History of John Cheap the Chapman*, where John, on

* This reminds one of Milton's drudging goblin, whose shadowy flail by night would thrash the corn

"That ten day-labourers could not end."

being refused bread and milk by the inhospitable farmer's wife, knots three or four long straws, and, muttering some gibberish, pretends to bewitch the cows in the byre; handing over the kirk, butter and milk, sap and substance, without and within, to the tender mercies of the enemy of mankind.

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corner or house for the use of the spirit ; and when they brewed, some of the wort was poured through a hole in what was called the 'Brownny's Stone' as a sacrificial offering. Certain stacks of corn, too, were called 'Brownny's Stacks,' from off which, though they were unbound with straw-ropes, the greatest storm of wind was unable to blow any straw. Predictions of death formed a large class of cases of second-sight. The event was usually indicated by the subject of vision appearing in a shroud, and the higher the vestment rose on the figure, the nearer was the event. So late as 1763 an educated man published a treatise in defence of the delusion, and even at the present day in the remoter parts of the Highlands second-sight is implicitly believed in.

Allusion has been made to witchcraft, the history of which occupies a large and ugly place in the annals of Scotland. "While Presbyterianism," writes the late Robert Chambers, "of the puritanic type reigned uncontrolled between 1640 and 1651, witches were tortured into confession and savagely burnt, in vast numbers ; the

clergy not merely concurring, but taking a lead in the proceedings. During the Cromwell ascendancy, English squeamishness greatly impeded justice in this department, to the no small dissatisfaction of the more zealous. On the Restoration, the liberated energies of the native powers fell furiously on, and got the land in a year or two pretty well cleared of, those vexatious old women who had been allowed to accumulate during the past decade. From 1662 to the Revolution, prosecutions for witchcraft were comparatively rare, and, however cruel the government might be towards its own opponents, it must be acknowledged to have introduced and acted consistently upon rules to some extent enlightened and humane with regard to witches—namely, that there should be no torture to extort confession, and no conviction without fair probation.

* * * * * For a few years after the Revolution, the subject rested in the quiescence which had fallen upon it some years before. But at length the General Assembly began to see how necessary it was to look after witches and charmers, and some

salutary admonitions about these offenders were from time to time issued. The office of Lord Advocate or public prosecutor, had now fallen into the hands of Sir James Stewart of Goodtress, a person who shared in the highest convictions of the religious party at present in power, including reverence for the plain meaning of the text, 'thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.' The consequence was, that the reign of William III. became a new Witch Period in Scotland, and one involving many notable cases." The wretched creatures were tortured on the rack, drowned in ponds, burnt at the stake, and starved or beaten to death. Most frequently, when convicted, the victim was gagged with a broad piece of iron, called the 'witch's bridle,' which was forced into the mouth so as to press down the tongue. The head was then fixed in an open case, to which was attached a chain by which to rivet the body to the stake. Every little district and village had its 'witch-detector,'—an infamous impostor who pretended to be able to discover witches from an examination of the moles

upon their bodies, these being thought to be nips given at birth by Satan, and insensible to pain. If, on the mole being pierced with a long needle, made for the purpose, the suspected person showing signs of being pained, he was at once found guilty and burnt, and the result of the examination depended entirely on the amount of the fee with which the detector had been bribed; for the 'brod,' or needle, was so contrived that the operator, by touching a spring, could make the steel retire into its sheath. In England, it is estimated, that more than 30,000 'witches' were burnt, while the number of those who perished in Scotland is incalculable. At one sitting alone, of the Parliament in Edinburgh, upwards of 600 persons were indicted for witchcraft. The charges generally related to some alleged practising against the health of men, or cattle, or the growth of crops; and there is a remarkable uniformity in the description of the sickness caused by witches, which seems to indicate the prevalence of violent fever and ague. To cure, was as dangerous to cause, disease; and the imputations were

often childishly absurd. Against one woman it was proved, that one night, while her husband was lying in bed, and she was dressing, a cat came and, after sitting upon him, and crying 'wallawa!', worried one of her kittens: whereupon the goodman slew it, immediately after which his horse and dog went mad. This damning evidence against the woman was further confirmed by the fact that her children were all 'quick-ganging devils;' for one day an evil spirit, disguised as a magpie, chased the youngest out of the house, and tried to peck her eyes out.

It is impossible, in short, to imagine any transaction of life into which sorcery might not enter, and advantage was taken of the superstition, by unscrupulous persons, to gratify private passions and spleen, or to accomplish other unholy ends. Among the forms most frequently assumed by evil spirits were those of the cat, hare and dog. The devil appeared to his servants, sometimes as an old grey-bearded man, with a white gown and a 'thrummy' hat; sometimes as a black man, a lamb, a calf, or a horse: and, at others, in the shape of a black beast,

which rose out of the ground in the midst of its worshippers, and waxed larger by degrees. He loved to officiate as chairman at the midnight revels of witches and warlocks, and to promote the harmony of the evening by extemporising infernal ditties. On one occasion, according to Sinclair, the veracious author of *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, the fiend, disguised as a young maiden, most ravishingly beautiful, appeared to certain of the sons of men, and sang a song of his own composition, which became suddenly very popular. In the Spalding Club *Miscellany* (1841-42), there is preserved a curious account of "The disbursements made by the comptar, at command and by virtue of the Provost, Bailies, and Council, in the burning and sustentation of the witches:

	£.	s.	d.
Imprimis for burying Suppak, who died in prison	0	6	8
Item for tralling Manteith through the street of the town in a cart, who hanged herself in prison, and for cart hire and burying her	0	10	0
Jonet Wischart and Issbell Cocker.			

Item for twenty loads of peat to burn them	0	40	0
Item for a boll of coals.....	0	23	0
Item for four tar-barrels.....	0	26	8
Item for fire and iron barrels.....	0	16	8
Item for a stake and dressing it.....	0	16	0
Item for four fathom of tows.....	0	4	0
Item for carrying the peats, coals, and barrels to the Hill.....	0	13	4
Item for <i>Jon Justice</i> [Jack Ketch] for their execution.....	0	13	4
Thomas Leis.			
Item, the 23d of Feb., for peats, tar-bar- rels, fire and coals, to burn the said Thomas, and to Jon Justice for his fee in executing him.....	3	13	4

The last witch executed in Scotland was a poor Highland woman, a native of the parish of Loth, in Sutherlandshire, who was burnt in a pitch-barrel at Dornoch, for having transformed her daughter into a pony, and had her shod by the devil. This took place in June, 1722 ; but the Statutes against witchcraft were not repealed till 1750. So late as 1851, one Andrew Dawson, in practice as a veterinary surgeon somewhere in the region of the Grampians, was had up before the Kirk Session on a charge of sorcery, and summarily excommunicated

for having cured certain diseases by means of 'chucky stanes.' The universality of the belief in fortune-telling, dreams, ghostly visitations, and the like, is attested by the number and character of the chap-books which treat of the supernatural. Among the best known of these are *Visits to the World of Spirits*, *The Prophecies of Thomas a' Rhymer*, *Peden, &c., &c.*, *The Spaewife*, *The Golden Dreamer*, *Professor George Sinclair's Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, fortune-telling books of every description, and mole and dream interpreters in endless variety; besides such comparatively recent works as *Buonaparte's Book of Fate*, and the like.

It was not till the beginning of the present century that this great fabric of superstition was materially shaken. In *John Cheap the Chapman* and similar sketches, written and published after 1750, there are many indications that a great change was passing over the popular mind. *John Cheap* himself, although he frightens the goodwife into hospitality by making believe to bewitch her cattle, makes haste to escape from the

neighbourhood in case the trick may be discovered. He has, indeed, a wise contempt for such quackery, which intelligence on the part of a drunken peddler shows how the belief in charms and witchcraft, was rapidly dying out, or, at least, becoming greatly modified. That it has quite perished even now, however, cannot be affirmed; for to this day there are hundreds who think it unlucky to travel on a Friday; or to be born or married on certain days; or to go to fish if they are met by a black cat in the morning; and who feel uncomfortable at dinner if they are helped to salt; or their neighbour, having spilled it, has neglected to throw a portion of it over his shoulder. To this day, too, the herring-fishers of Lochfyneside have a lucky and an unlucky method of doing everything. It is considered, for instance, unlucky to turn back for anything; or to give a bit of fire to one's neighbour when barking nets. Neither will a fisherman dare put a net on board his boat on the first night of the season unless the tide is at flood; or go to sea on the same occasion if a woman do not first grace his boat with her presence,

and either smile, or drink success to his fishing. An Ardrishaig shipbuilder would shudder at the thought of launching a boat against the sun, or in a line not parallel with the course of that luminary. Another superstition is that herring always desert the neighbourhood of land which has been manured with their dead fellows; and believers in this fancy point conclusively to Shieidig, a small village in the North of Scotland, where, on one occasion, years ago, a heavy fishing was had, and there being no salt at hand, the herring were used to manure the soil. Since that day, it is said, no member of the herring tribe has ever visited that shore. There are still one or two old men who, when hauling in their nets with a good 'shot' of 'maskit' herring, or, to use the technical provincialism, a 'good strag,' always sprinkle a 'puckle salt' on the fish, in order to counteract the baneful influence of some possible evil eye that may be on them. Allan Cunningham, in a passage of remarkable beauty, written in 1825, bewails the vanishing of these dreams of superstitious belief.

A poetical and imaginative power, he writes, nursed these old beliefs in spite of their education and the light which learning shed ; while their southern neighbours, having less imaginative power, and much less knowledge, dismissed them as idle and unprofitable encumbrances. Much of the richness of the illustration, much of the poetical strength of expression, has left us: and what was accounted the fittest food for the Muse is charmed away from her lips by the magic-wand of adventure, invention, and discovery. To a shepherd's way of life, poetry may be supposed to have little to add, since his whole existence seems poetical; yet, when the arrows of the elves, and the spells of the witches, were broken or destroyed, the poetical part of sheep-surgery departed also: he now consults the receipt-book, and seeks no longer to avert or cure the evil which has fallen on his flock, by the poetry of charms or conjurations. The mariner, when he spreads his sail for a foreign shore, no longer purchases a favourable wind and a prosperous voyage from the witches of Lapland or Galloway;

and though he whistles for a breeze when the sea is calm, he does so more through custom than from the hope of awakening the sleeping wind. The fisherman, when he dips his nets in the water, thinks not now of augmenting his draught of fish by warbling to his victims a charmed rhyme; and the cowherd, when he drives his cattle to the pasture, has forgot of late to regulate their movements, and protect them from the spells of witches, with a rod of rowan-tree.

*A horse-shoe is no longer nailed above the stable-door, as a charm against the entrance of mischievous beings; nor is an ox's head buried under the barn threshold, to ensure the coming of the corn unblighted to the flail. The maid dreads no more the influence of evil eyes over her gathering of cream, as the churn staff ascends and descends amid the fragrant element; and the

* This statement can hardly be correct, as, even now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, the horse-shoe is to be found nailed to the doors of barns, stables, and smithies in the Western Highlands of Scotland, although it may be that much of the ancient meaning has fled; and the persons who nail them on hardly know why they do it, unless it be that their fathers did so before them.

matron, as she bars her door at night,
summons no more

Saint Bride and her brat,

and all other powers, in whose might her ancestors had belief, to protect her and hers from all manner of fiends and shapes in the service of Satan. These and many other rural superstitions of a poetical nature, have melted away before the thaw of knowledge. When the peasant stood on the hill-top, and looked to earth and sky as the sun sank, to discover the promise of to-morrow, he composed something like the rudiments of poetry as he remarked the colours of the clouds, and the amplified or decreased appearance of the hills, and deduced from the varied scene before him the certainty of sunshine or rain. He sits at home now and consults his almanack. When time was computed by the sun's shadow, or by the evening light, a shepherd, as he gazed on the stars and moon, composed the poem while he pondered out the hour; the bughting star and the northern wain, and the plough, are all names fitted for rustic poetry; but they

have slipped out of conversation now that a watch has usurped their office. Men had their lucky days on which they transacted business; a sailor was unwilling to weigh anchor on a Friday; and a family was sure to be overwhelmed with calamity and misfortune, had the head of the house chanced to marry in May. Two magpies on the roof of a dwelling house were ominous of a funeral in one county, and of a wedding in another; a hare hirpling before a youth as he was on the way to his love, during the twilight, has made him turn pale, and induced him to break his tryste; while a shower of rain on a bridal procession has gone nearer to snatch the bride from the bridegroom's arms, than all the address and cunning of his rivals. I have known men set down a corpse, and wait till a cloud interposed between them and the sun, before depositing it in the earth. Such a superstitious feeling is still recorded in English rhyme:

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,

And happy is the corse that the rain rains on.

These and innumerable other remains of a

curious and primitive people have been current in many men's memories; and as they contain the very elements of poetry, there can be little doubt that poetry has suffered by their loss, and that man is becoming more of a machine—an instrument capable of cultivating a given quantity of ground—a spinning-jenny for preparing thread—a kind of military engine covered with plumes and scarlet, for demolishing towns and destroying the human species.

§ 10. Another feature of the age was the extreme severity of its penal enactments. There was never a Glasgow Ayre closed its sittings that several wretches were not doomed to execution for crimes, or rather misdemeanors, which now-a-days would be amply punished by a brief imprisonment. Men and women were drummed out of the city and banished from the burgh for slight offences, or cat-of-nine-tailed through the public thoroughfares at the back of a cart, to be pelted with mud and refuse by a brutal, unsympathising rabble. The last woman who suffered in this way was flogged along Argyll street, Glasgow, in 1793.

The following extracts from the *Glasgow Mercury* speak for themselves :

“ Thursday, July 30th, 1778. On Monday, Barbara Barber was tried before the Magistrates of this City for keeping a bawdy house. She was sentenced to remain in prison till Wednesday the 12th of August next, and then to stand on the Tolbooth stair-head with a label on her breast, having these words,— ‘ *For keeping a notorious bawdy house;* ’ and afterwards to be banished from the city and liberties for seven years, under the usual certification.”

“ Glasgow, December 24th, 1778. By sentence of the Magistrates, Catharine Buchanan and Sarah McDougal are to stand on the Tolbooth stair-head, bareheaded, on Wednesday the 30th of December, with a label on their breasts, ‘ *I stand here for theft and reset of theft* ’; and afterwards to be sent to the house of correction for two months, and Catharine Buchanan to be banished from the town for seven years. The process was carried out at the expense of the protecting society.”

A few years earlier, Catharine Buchanan and Sarah McDougal would have been hanged ; a few years later, imprisoned for seven or ten days.

§ 11. The same spirit of harshness and severity prevailed everywhere, and in no quarter more prominently than in the Church. For nearly two centuries the jurisdiction of

the Kirk Session had been submitted to without a grumble. Its judgments were binding as the edicts of the Council of Nice; irrevocable as the statutes of the Medes. Everywhere the influence of the Church reigned supreme. Its authority penetrated to the most secret places of domestic life, invading the sanctity of the kitchen, and seriously curtailing the dimensions of the wardrobe. If a person absented himself from one diet of divine service on Sunday, he was fined in three shillings and four pence; if he went to any other kirk than his own, he was mulcted in twice that sum. One or two magistrates were told off to watch at the church doors, to take a note of the absentees; while others were appointed to report on such of the members as disgraced themselves by drunkenness. Does not *Leper*, the tailor, inform us how two 'zealous civil-eers,' one Sunday afternoon, invaded the kitchen, and carried away his 'kail pot,' on the ground that he should be at Kirk, and had no right to be cooking during divine service? The fines imposed for breaking the Sabbath, besides making public repent-

ance, graduated, according to the repetition, or the gravity of the offence, from six shillings and eight pence to £6 Scots.

A curious instance of the religious superstition of the times was the fact, that fast days were thought to be more sacred than the Sabbath, and consequently any desecration of them was punished with even more severity; the lowest fine being forty shillings for the first, eighty for the second, and one hundred and twenty for the third offence. Persons were also prohibited from public walking on Sunday, and children from appearing in the street on the same day. Profane swearers were fined a shilling an oath; adulterers were ducked in the river; prostitutes were publicly whipped, and banished for life; 'change-houses' were searched by the elders every Saturday night, with the view of 'dilating' drinkers; wife-beaters were compelled to 'ride the stang;' and scolds had to stand in the church aisle in sack cloth, and make public confession of their evil tongue. The stringency of these regulations regarding the observance of the Sabbath, and the sin of incontinency, natu-

rally gave the clerical conclaves abundant matter for jurisdiction, and led to many and serious evils: so much so, that as the Kirk increased in severity, the people sank deeper in vice; and the most gross immorality, intemperance, superstition, ignorance, and child murder, were accompanied by a pharasaical observance of religious rites, and an austerity that refused to countenance Maypole dances, Robin Hood games, mysteries, plays, and every kind of popular amusement and sport,—including ‘penny weddings’ and country ‘fairs.’ *Leper*, the tailor, thought it no sin to get most beastly drunk on Sunday, but was filled with horror at the idea of shaving on that day; *John Cheap* compelled the elder to give him lodging and food, by threatening to tell ‘the minister’ if he refused; and other chap-books of the period teem with references to the terrible judgments of the Kirk Session. The ‘Jug’ and the ‘Cnnty Stool’ were the two most prominent articles of ecclesiastical furniture, in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries; and the dread which they inspired was a fertile source of infanticide and other evils. The

Records of the Books of Presbyteries and Sessions contain abundant proof of the rapid increase of illegitimacy which succeeded the Reformation. Towards the end of the 17th century, it was declared in the legislature that there were frequent murders of innocent infants, whose mothers concealed their pregnancy; and it was accordingly enacted that women found guilty of this sort of secrecy, and whose babes were dead or missing, should be held as guilty of murder, and punished accordingly. In other words, Society, by treating female frailty with puritanic severity, held out the most powerful temptation to unfortunate women to conceal the fact of their pregnancy, and the consequence of their sin; and then, on merely negative evidence, punished with death the very crimes which it had itself induced. But, terrible as this act was, it did not avail to make women brave the severity of that social punishment which stood on the other side. It had, accordingly, many victims, and furnished the incident on which, as everyone knows, the *Heart of Midlothian* turns. As might be expected in an age so

harsh, and careful of the outsides of the platters, laws were passed, ecclesiastical and civil, to restrain excess in personal expenditure. At one period work-people were restricted on 'week-days' to clothes of grey and white, and on holidays to light blue, green, and red; while their wives' 'curches' were ordered to be home made, not exceeding forty-pence the ell; and no woman was allowed to go to Kirk or market with her face veiled, under pain of 'escheat' or forfeiture of the curch. After the Revolution, the discipline of the church abated somewhat of its rigour; but its lay-officer or Kirk-treasurer, was still a very formidable person. The poems of Ramsay, and the chap-books generally, are full of allusions to the terrible powers, not only of the Kirk-treasurer himself, but of his 'man' or servant. In a parody by the younger Ramsay on the *Integer Vitæ* of Horace, this personage is set forth as the analogue of the Sabine wolf:

"For but last Monday, walking at noon-day,
Conning a ditty, to divert my Betty,
By me that sour Turk (I not frighted) our Kirk-
Treasurer's man passed.

And sure more horrid monster in the Torrid
Zone cannot be found, sir, though for snakes renowned, sir ;

Nor does Czar Peter's empire boast such creatures,
Of bears the wet-nurse."

Burt, in his *Letters*, goes so far as to assert that the Kirk-treasurer employed spies to report upon private individuals, so that people lay at the mercy of villains who were ready to forswear themselves for sixpence. Card and dice playing in taverns, with drinking and desecration of Sunday, were the crimes which gave most employment to these active emissaries. Especially was their anxiety strong about Sabbath observance. It seemed, says Burt, as if the Scotch recognized no other virtue. People would startle more at the humming or whistling of a tune on a Sunday, than if anybody should tell them you had ruined a family. Innumerable extracts might be given from the vulgar literature of the age, bearing out the above remarks, but the following may serve as a sample.

In *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, the Minister, the Kirk Session, the Kirk-treasurer, the Sackcloth, and the Cutty Stool,

are all denounced in set terms. Jockie's mother anathematises the two last "as just a wheen Papish rites an' rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi' sacking gowns and buttock mails, an' I dinna ken what; but hide ye till I see the minister." So, too,

"Jockie, being three times summoned to the session and not appearing, the session insisted for a warrant from the justice of peace, which was readily granted, more for diversion than for justice sake. The warrant being given to John King, the constable, he went away with Clinkem Bell, on Saturday's morning, and caught John just at his brose, hauls him awa', ane at ilka oxter like twa butcher dogs hinging at a bill's beard; his mither followed, driving him up with good counsel, "my bra' man Johnny, haud up ye'r head, an' dinna think shame, for a' ye'r fauts is but perfect honesty, ye're neither a thief, nor a horse-stealer."

Poor Jockie was only a father when he should not have been one,—rather a virtue than a vice, in the eyes of his mother. Naturally enough the sin sat lightly on his conscience, and if it had not been for the 'black stool,' he would have been a happy man. On being brought before the Jus-

tice, and asked if he was willing to support the child, he cried.

"O! yes, stir, 'am no refusing to gie meat an' meal to maintain't; but my mither winna let me to the black stool," which is corroborated by the mother exclaiming:

"Ony thing ye like, stir, but that shamefu' stance, the black stool. Here's uncle Rabby, an' auld Sandy the Soutor, will be caution that we's face the Session on Sunday; the lad's wae enough that he did it, but he cannot help it now it's past, and by-hand."

The trial scene is so characteristic, that it will bear being quoted at greater length.

"On Sabbath, after sermon, the Session met. John and his mother is called upon: he enters courageously, saying, 'goode'en to you, maister minister, bellman, an' elders a'; my mither an' me is baith here.'

Mess John.—Then let her in,—come awa', good-wife. What's the reason you kept your son so long back from answering the Session? You see it is the thing you are obliged to do at last.

Mith.—Deed, stir, I think there needna be nae mair mark about it; I think when he's gien the lazy hulk, the mither o't, baith meal an' groats to maintain't, ye needna fash him; he's a dutiful father indeed, weel I wat, when he feeds his bystarts sae weel.

Mess John.—Woman, are you a hearer of the gospel, that ye reject the dictates of it? How come

you to despise the discipline of the church? are not offenders to be rebuked and chastised?

Mik.—Yes, stir, a' that's very true; but I hae been three or four times through the Bible, and the New Testament, an' I never saw a repenting-stool in't a'; then whar cou'd the first of them come frae, for the Apostles had nane o' them? But a daft history book tells me that the first of them was us'd about Rome, among the Papists; an' ay when any of them turn'd Whigs, they were put on a four-neuked thing, like a yarn-winnie blades, an' rave a' their gouls sindry till they turn'd Papists again; an' then, for anger, they put them on a black stane or stool in the middle o' the Kirk, an' the seek gown about them, wi' the picture o' the de'il an' Satan on't; a sweet be wi' us, we suedna speak o' the ill thief in the Kirk! but it is a mercy the minister's here an' he come; but that was the origin o' your repenting-stools. An' when the Whigs chas'd awa' the Papist fouk out o' this kintry, they left a wheen o' their religious pictures, an' the stool of repentance was amongst the spoil; but ye's no get my bairn to set upon a thing as high as a hen-bawk, an' ilka body to be glowring at him.

Mess John.—Woman, I told you formerly, that any one who refuses submission to the government of the church is liable to excommunication."

In spite of the vigorous defence made by his mother, John is sentenced "to appear publicly on the stool of repentance on Sabbath next, and the two following there-

after, to be absolved from the scandal."

John refuses, as long as he can, to obey the sentence, but is ultimately forced to give in, when his lawful wife bears him a son, which the minister refuses to 'christen,' so long as its father remains obdurate. This lets us into the secret of much of the Kirk's authority in these cases. The superstitious faith, and transcendent efficacy, attached to the baptismal rite in the last century, were lamentably strong. In the narrative just quoted from, Marion affirms that "'tis a very uncanny thing to keep an unchristened creature about a house, or yet to meet, in the morning, a body wanting a name:" and another speaker defines the difference between "a beast and a woman's ain bairnie" to be, that "a dog is a brute beast, an' a wean is a christened creature."

Occasionally the dreaded stool was a source of amusement,—witness *John Cheap's* account of an accident that befell himself :

"On the Sabbath I went to the Kirk with the goodman, and I missed him about the door, went into the middle of the Kirk, but could see no empty seats but one big firm, where none sat but one

woman by herself, and so I sat myself down beside her, not knowing where I was, until the sermon was over, when the minister began to rebuke her ; and then she began to whinge and howl like a dog, which made me run out cursing, before the minister had given the blessing."

Towards the end of the century the power of the church to regulate morals and punish indiscretions became greatly weakened. The clergy had grown careless, dissolute and inattentive to their duties. It was no longer considered quite respectable for the better classes to take their servants along with them to church; attendance twice a day was voted a bore; and the cutty stool was ignominiously kicked out of all the 'fashionable' churches. The extracts already given indicate that the people were beginning to rebel against the tyranny of the Kirk Session, and the same spirit is even more prominent in a once popular chap-book entitled,—

"An Account of the General Assembly's Invention for the final Extirpation of the Black-stool of Repentance and the Sackcloth Gown out of the Kirks of Scotland: purposing a new and easy

method of punishing sporting ladies.
12mo. Printed in the year 1776."

This brochure is in verse, and after a very coarse but vigorous denunciation of the stool as a thing of evil and of Popish extraction, it concludes with,—"*Maggie Beath's verdict of the original, and the dangerous tendency of the black-stool and sackcloth gown, giving an account how narrowly she escaped them, and her earnest desire to have them burnt.*"

More significant still is the whole tone of the chap-books on the subject of the 'ministers.' *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*; *Janet Clinker* in her orations: old *Be-go*, *Sawny's* mother-in-law; *Leper*, the tailor; and *Sawny* himself: all indulge in sneers at *Mess John*. *Sawny* thought that "ministers might christen poor folks' bits of weans for naething, the water was no that scarce. They were well paid for their preaching, and might very well baith marry and christen a' poor fouks to the bargain, by way of mags."

§ 12. A like harshness and severity coloured the relations of private and

domestic life. Parents ruled their children with a veritable rod of iron. 'Father' was a word to inspire fear and trembling, not love and affection. The head of the family was a personage of vast importance, within his own little circle. A special chair was set apart for him in the cosiest corner of the room; special dishes were served up to him at dinner, which he ate with his hat on: while his children stood respectfully uncovered in his presence and only smiled or laughed on sufferance. Hence the frequent occurrence, in early comedy and fiction, of the stern parent who insists on disposing of his son or daughter in marriage, according to his own sovereign pleasure. In the *Edinburgh Courant* for 28th October, 1758, a certain Robert McNair and his wife, Jean Holmes, advertised that, owing to the conduct of their daughter Jean in marrying without having first obtained their consent, they "thereby did discharge all and every one of their children from offering to marry without their special consent; and the child who proposed to do so would be banished for twelve months from their

family ; and if they did actually marry—for seven years ; and in the event of a clandestine marriage, they should lose all claim of the effects, goods, gear and estate of the said Robert McNair.” In the school-house, as at home, the youngsters must have had a hard time of it. Of the manner in which delinquents were flogged, a graphic account is given in the adventures of *Lothian Tom*; and there is at least one case on record of a parish dominie literally caning one of his pupils to death.

§ 13. The savage severity of the Criminal Code was rendered more oppressive to the poor, by the partial and one-sided manner in which the law was administered. In *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, special allusion is made to this, where the former's mother bursts into a passionate torrent of invective, on her son being adjudged to the cutty-stool ; because he, being a poor man, is condemned to public shame and costs, while the young laird is allowed to indulge his amorous propensities, and, unchecked, help to people the parish with the results of his folly. But this is a mild instance of a

grave disease. We read of two ‘fellows’ being hanged for stealing sybows or young onions,—while a forger escapes with imprisonment, because he was ‘ingenuous’ (*i. e.*, of good family); of a tailor in Currie being beheaded, in 1692, for marrying his *first wife’s half-brother’s daughter*,—while a Captain Douglas, though found guilty of a shocking assault upon a servant-maid at Glasgow in 1697, was merely fined, “he being a ‘gentleman’ and engaged in the King’s service.” Nay! in this same year, a poor woman was actually burnt at the Old Bailey, London, for colouring a piece of metal to make it resemble a shilling.

The prisons, again, were often turned into hotels—much after the same fashion as the New York Tombs is to-day—by criminals, and debtors of the better class; and to such a length were the revelries of the jovial inmates carried, that the authorities had eventually to interfere. In 1780, one James Brown, a turnkey in the Tolbooth of Ayr, got so drunk at one of these orgies that he locked one of his prisoners outside; though half a century earlier it had been enacted

by the magistrates that "prisoners within the Tolbuith be discharged from holding any feasting, treat or banquet, within the prison; and that no person above the number of one be allowed to dine or sup with any such prisoners."

§ 14. Dr. Strang, in his *Glasgow Clubs*, gives an amusing picture of drunkenness during last century. "When dinner was over and the dessert removed—which was invariably the case after it had stood a short time—the wine bottles made a few circles, and were immediately succeeded by the largest China bowl in the house. In this gorgeous dish, which was, of course, placed before the landlord, the universal beverage of cold punch was quickly manufactured; and towards its proper concoction many opinions were freely offered; but to these the host, if a regular punch-maker, paid little attention. The ceremonial was gone through with great deliberation, and with an air of self-importance that must have made a stranger smile. The pleasing decoction once made, and approved of, it was now the time to sit in for serious drinking—

and serious, indeed, it often was ; for, while toast followed toast, and bowl followed bowl, it rarely happened that the party broke up till some of them, at least, were not in a condition to retire to their homes without the aid of companions who, if their heads were less muzzied, possessed more stable legs. The retiring of a guest to the drawing-room was a rare occurrence indeed ; and hence the poor lady of the house was generally left to sip her tea in solitude, while her husband and friends were getting *royal* over their *sherbet*. *The fact is, that drinking and swearing were characteristic of the dinner parties of the last century, not only in Glasgow, but everywhere else.* To be found muzzy after dinner was too frequent, even with the most respectable ; for we find that Prime Ministers were not ashamed to ‘move the House’ when they were tipsy ; nor did some of their leading opponents blush to tell that they went to bed frequently in a state of helpless intoxication. There was a Bacchanalian stamp about the everyday life and conversation, as well as about the literature of the last century ; and the

man who could talk longest about wines, and who could likewise carry off the most bottles, was looked upon with favour and admiration. It was, in fact, at that time an exception to the general rule for a man to be either willing or capable of joining the ladies after dinner." Indeed, had he wished to shirk his punch, he could hardly have done so, for the host, to prevent any one from leaving the room sober, was in the habit of locking the door and keeping the key in his pocket. The Laird of Garscadden and his friends, who thought it effeminate to rise from the table on the same day in which they sat down, were but types of the general community,—the counterpart of him whose grave-stone declares :

“ Here lyes—read it with your hats on—
The bones of Ballie William Watson,
Who was famous for his thinking
And moderation in his drinking.”

It was, indeed, a time of unlimited toasts and loyal bumpers ; a hard-drinking, dare-devil, reckless, headachy age, when, at stated periods of the evening, a boy came in to unloose the neckcloths of gentlemen who

had fallen under the table; when a farmer would go into a tavern when the good wife was 'setting' a hen, and would never come out until the chickens were running about; and when there was a students' Nine-Tumbler Club in St. Andrew's University, the test of fitness for entrance into which was the ability of the candidate to articulate the words 'Bib-li-cal cri-ti-cism,' after having drunk nine tumblers of toddy. Among shop-keepers and manufacturers, even in 1800, a 'meridian' glass was an almost universal habit, while forenoon 'gilling' obtained with the humbler craftsmen. 'Gentle and simple,' tippled to excess all day; no business contract could be sealed without the stamp of the *stoup*; and worthy deacons and wealthy magistrates had their stiff tumblers of toddy before they were rightly wakened from their slumbers. A sheep could not be sold; a couple of old hats could not be 'swapped;' or the weighty matters of the Church discussed by reverend clergymen—without a tankard of two-penny, or a glass of Glenlivet. It should be borne in mind, however, that not a little of

this dram-drinking resulted from the meanness of the house accommodation of the times, which drove people to taverns. Physicians or advocates, of the first position, were regularly to be seen at their respective 'houfs'; and at professional consultations, the liquor used was sherry, which was supplied in mutchkin stoups, and paid for by the client. Thus, after *Lothian Tom* had triumphed over the Edinburgh butchers in the Court of Session, he and his law-agent adjourned to a public house close by, to have a 'hearty bottle before parting.' And in *The Pleasures of Matrimony*, the mistress and her maid allow themselves to be 'treated' by a common quack, in a vulgar tavern. Ale, or whisky, or claret, was the never failing accompaniment of all the less common incidents of ordinary life. If a person were born into the world, or his soul were borne out of it; if a babe were being christened, or a rogue being hanged; by the sickbed, and in the barn; at markets and sacraments; in the churchyard, and at the altar: whisky or ale was drunk in immoderate quantities by 'gentle and simple.'

Was it a marriage? then had the bellman to be fee'd with drink; and, on leaving the church, the supporters and friends of the bride and bridegroom in *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, "joined thegither and cam hame in a crowd; and at every 'change-house' they chanced to pass by, Providence stopt their proceedings with full stoups, bottles and glasses, drinking their healths, wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy. Jockie, seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he gat for to augment his health, and gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt him up, and proved detrimental to the same." The bridegroom went drunk to bed, as a matter of course; and the whole company, men and women, were in much the same condition; except poor Maggie, who, being daft, had not the sense to get intoxicated. In the *Coalman's Courtship* and *The Pleasures of Matrimony*, too, the happy man is tipsy, and in a curious tract entitled "An Accurate Description of the Marriage Ceremonies used by every Nation in the World. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1782," the newly married couple

are bedded, metaphorically speaking, in a river of sack. A favourite dinner of *'Sawny*, the coalman, was ale and baps; his long experience of which, however, did not prevent him from getting ingloriously drunk with old "*Be-go*, his good mother that was to be." And were not *John Cheap* and the quack Doctor so drunk for two days and two nights that they had to prick each other with pins to keep themselves awake? Then there was the night at Linlithgow, when *John* met his "sweet and dear companion, *Drouthy Tam* ; and they held a most terrible encounter with the tippenny for twa nights and a day." But the vice was not confined to poor farmers and peddlers. Clergymen openly frequented the public-house in the interval between the fore and after noon services; and the annual sacramental feast was the occasion of much and wide-spread intemperance. In many places, tents for the sale of drink were erected before the kirk door; and there was a constant intercommunication between the church and dram-shop. *Janet Clinker's Orations* contains a graphic picture of the times:

Janet Olinker "aye ken'd when Sunday came round, for her father cow'd ay his beard when the bell rang, and then every body ran to the kirk that had ony thing to do, gin it were to buy saut or shune, for the chapman chiels set up a' their creims at the kirk door, and the lassies wa'd a' got keeking glasses, red snoods, needles, pins, elshin irons, gimblers, brown bread, and *black saep*; forby sweetie wives' things, and rattles for restless little anes; the men wa'd a' *bought pints o' ale and gotten a whang o' gude cheese to chew i' the time o' drinking o't*. Ay, ay, there was braw markets on Sunday i' the time o' Peapery; we had nae minister then but priests, mess Johns, black friars, and white friars, monks, abbots and bishops. They had nae wives, yet the best o' them wa'd a' spoken bawdy language, and kiss'd the lassies. Fickle, sykin bodies they were, unco ill to please. 'They wa'd baith a' curs'd folk, and bless'd them, just as we p'd them; a-deed they were unco greedy o' the penny, and prayed ay to the dead folk and gar'd the living pay them for't; and tho' they had play'd the loon wi' a pair hizzy, she durstna speak out for her very life, for they could gi'e ony body o'er to the de'il when they liket. They didna gar folk learn to read, and pray, like our new ministers, thump on your breast, strike your fingers o'er oboon your nose, tell your beads, and rin bare-fit amang the hard stanes and cauld snaw."

This passage, in itself extremely curious and interesting, illustrates another characteristic of the times under notice, which has

not yet been referred to, viz.: the Scottish intolerance and persecution of Episcopalians, Roman Catholics and Quakers. *Mrs. Clinker* must have flourished in the latter half of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century, for 'soap' was hardly known north of the Tweed until 1700. Her picture of the chapmen setting up their 'creims' at the kirk door, the women buying keeking glasses and snoods, and black bread, and the men drinking pints of ale and eating 'whangs o' cheese,' is vivid in the extreme. But to return to the use of drink at marriages and funerals. An Argyllshire 'burial' was often made the protest for a wild saturnalia, extending over from one to three days, and not unfrequently ending in a hand-to-hand fight between the relatives of the deceased; and it was one of these convivialities—but in high life—that resulted in the murder of Carnegie of Finhaven, in 1728.

§ 15. Intimately connected with this general excess in drinking, was the great popularity, among the better classes, of games of chance, particularly of cards and

dice. The gambling mania had reached a fair height as early as 1725, about which time a company was established in Edinburgh, the partners of which made it their business to track out, and decoy young men of rank and fortune, with the view of 'plucking' them. Several years before, a well-known Jacobite won six thousand merks from Sir Alexander Gilmour, of Craigmillar, at cards, in one night; and Francis Charteris, a cadet of an ancient and honourable family in Dumfriesshire, is said to have swindled the Duchess of Queensberry out of £3,000 at one sitting, by means of a couple of mirrors placed opposite each other, in which he saw her Grace's 'hand' reflected. In 1707, Sir Andrew Ramsay, of Abbotshall, lost 28,000 merks, to Sir Scipio Hill, at cards and dice, and granted a bond upon his estate for the amount. A favourite mode in which estates were lost and won was cock-fighting, a popular amusement of last century. In 1783, one Joey Payne kept a celebrated cock-pit at Rutherglen Loan, near Glasgow; and among the keenest enthusiasts in the brutal sport was the then Duke of

Hamilton and Brandon. The game was introduced into Scotland about 1702, at which time a cock-pit was in operation in Leith Links; the charges of admission to which were 10d. for the front row, 7d. for the second, and 4d. for the third. Soon after, according to Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, the passion for cock-fighting became so general among all ranks of the people, that the magistrates of that city 'discharged' its being practised in the streets, on account of the disturbances it occasioned. So late as 1800, the boys attending the parish schools were in the habit of bringing cocks to school at Fasten's E'en (Shrove-tide), when the whole day was devoted to the sport, in presence of the minister of the parish and his reverend friends. So universal was this custom, that the cock-fight dues formed, in some instances, one of the most valuable sources of the dominie's income, being equal to one quarter's payment for each scholar. But the great and most general outlet for the joyous feelings of the community, was afforded by the 'fairs,' or markets, which were held once or twice a year,

with great spirit and bustle, in every parish in Scotland. Many of these are still kept up in country districts, but they have lost their old importance and character. In earlier times the 'fair' was looked forward to by the whole country side with anxiety and hope; and preparations for it were made months beforehand. To them resorted packmen from all parts, bearing with them the fine stuffs of Flanders; feminine apparel from England; shawls from Paisley; and wares of all kinds from many lands. To them, too, came the goodwife to lay in her annual stock of clothes and household goods; the farmer to sell or purchase cattle and agricultural implements; the maiden to buy herself new finery, and get a husband, or a new 'place,'—in any case a 'fairing' from some admiring swain; with a miscellaneous crowd, to be counted by thousands, whose main object was what the Irish call 'divarshun.' One of the best known and most characteristic of these gatherings was the great Ayrshire fair of Kirkdandie, celebrated in history and song, which was held from time immemorial on the green

knoll beside the ruins of the chapel in Kirkdamdie, on the last Saturday of May. The day before the fair was one of great preparation and bustle. Innumerable booths and stands for the sale of refreshments and merchandise were in course of erection all over the place; from earliest dawn, scores of packmen on foot, and their more honoured rivals on horse, were arriving with their bales of merchandise from every airt, and wrangling with the rapacious harpies who levied the market duties of them; while, from the various pathways across the hills, or down the straths, the plaided and bonneted population kept pouring in all the day on foot, on horseback, and in rude carts,—the maidens gay in their ‘Sunday brows,’ and having their waists clasped by swarthy swains; and every face wearing a look of anxiety and joy. So late as 1800, the number of tents at Kirkdamdie was from forty to fifty, and the fair was one of considerable interest and size even in 1847, since which time its glories have paled before the rising importance of its rival at Girvan. This, in short, was the Donnybrook of Scotland; and

the license which was allowed at these saturnalia gave rise to no little immorality and vice, as well as to innumerable pitched battles in which from fifty to a hundred combatants took part on each side, with sticks and stones.

Previous to the Reformation, the popular amusements consisted chiefly of 'Robin Hood and Little John' Games, the 'Abbot of Unreason,' 'Ye runeboles and tuilzeing the same,' 'Lady Templeton,' music, dancing, athletic sports, wappinshaws, masquerades, dramatic performances, with recitations of ballads, and telling of tales. When golf, shinty and football came into vogue is not definitely known, but references to them occur at a very early period, and horse-racing was introduced into Ayrshire as early as 1698. In the flood of the Reformation, these amusements were all but utterly swept away, and a heavy gloom fell upon the land. The lute and the guitar were heard no more beneath fair ladies' casements by moonlight; the bagpipe sobbed and wailed amid remote recesses, into which the fury of the reformers had driven it; and the

heel-inspiring fiddle was laid upon the shelf to wait the return of happier times. No more did hooded shepherds blow their buck-horns and their cornpipes, what time they led their fat flocks out to the green pastures; or make the bosky dell and daisied hollow resound with their sweet strains in praise of Amaryllis. Where be the goodly songs, the right merry conceits, the pleasant tales and jests, in which our rural ancestors, before John Knox, delighted? *The Tale of the Well of the World's End*, of the noble *Earl of Flanders who Wedded the Devil*, of the *Red Giant with Three Heads*, of the *Three-Footed Dog of Norway*, and the *Bold Braband*, and *The Three Weird Sisters*, and *The Four Sons of Aymon*? Gone, with their wild richness of romantic fable, their Gothic magnificence and superstition, their childish wonders,—and not a line left to give us a hint of their marvellous treasures. Then was the golden age of rustic felicity and song, when the shepherds told their pleasant stories all, and, with their wives, sang sweet melodious songs of natural music of the antiquite,—excelling in

rhythmic beauty even those bewitching strains that erst were warbled by the four mermaidens when Thetis married on Mount Pelion. Nay, Orpheus himself did never pipe more dulcet notes than sang these simple shepherds and their wives what time the world was young. So runs the narrative in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, in the list of lost lyrics given in which are several, the very sound of which is redolent of the freshness of the golden prime. Such are those beginning:—"Still under the leavés green," "Broom, broom on hill," and "Cou thou me the rashes green." But with all their rustic beauty and animation, these early songs were, as a rule, gross and sensual, and stood in as much need of reform as did the Church itself. At first, indeed, the Muse was one of the most potent agents in reducing the Romish Church to ruins, by satirising the licentiousness of her ministers, and the folly of her rites. But, in course of time, she grew more indolent, and when there were left no monks or friars to attack, she turned her arrows upon the reformers themselves, and ridiculed their

puritanic grimness and austerity. The latter retaliated, and preached a crusade against ungodly songs,—turning the devil's weapons against himself, by composing sacred words to profane airs, like "The Bonny Broom," "Maggie Lauder," "I'll Never Leave Thee," and "We'll go pu' the Heather." Having interfered with the Muse, it was not to be expected that the Kirk would leave the Stage alone. At first, its interference went no farther than to prevent the acting of plays upon Sunday, and to direct the drama into profane, instead of scriptural, channels. This was in 1574, but not many years elapsed before the production of stage plays and mysteries was altogether prohibited; and persons who assisted at their presentation were liable to be excommunicated, and otherwise punished. This continued till well on in the seventeenth century, when symptoms of a revival of interest in the dramatic literature began to manifest themselves. Men must laugh sooner or later, and the asceticism and self-denial of the Reformation were slowly but surely modified and mellowed by returning

sweetness and light. In 1715, a company of players performed nightly at the Tennis Court, near Holyrood Palace, to 'the great grief of all sober good people;' and especially of certain pious clergymen, who excited considerable commotion by their resolution to refuse the usual sacramental tokens to such of their congregation as were known to attend these plays. The Tennis Court Company did not hold their ground long, and no theatricals of any importance were presented again till 1725, when Anthony Aston established a theatre in the same city, Edinburgh, for the production of light comedy. In 1728, Aston's troupe visited Glasgow, where they performed the *Beggars' Opera*, but received so little support that the receipts did not suffice to pay the music. For many years afterwards the drama made very slow progress in the West. In 1780, a theatre was erected outside the burgh of Glasgow, which was to be opened by the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy, and great preparations were made for that event. Unfortunately, on the night preceding that fixed for the inaugural ceremony, the house

was fired by some rabid incendiaries, and the whole interior, scenery and dresses, including Mrs. Bellamy's wardrobe, valued at £900, were completely destroyed. The conflagration was the result of the intemperate oratory of a field preacher, who roused the passions of the public, by narrating a vision, which he professed to have had, of an infernal banquet, at which he heard Satan propose "the health of Mr. Miller of Westerton, who had so nobly sold his ground to build thereon a Temple of Belial, and which was to be opened for worship the very next day, so that they might thereafter reign there in triumph." And this after twenty-eight years' experience of the drama! For in 1752 a wooden theatre had been erected, persons going to and returning from which had to be guarded by detachments of constabulary, to protect them from maltreatment by the rabble. Early in the century, dancing assemblies were instituted in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and continued to flourish for many years. About 1779 the glory of the Glasgow assembly began to wane, and on March 25th of that year the

following notice appeared in the *Glasgow Mercury*:

“NOTICE.—THE GLASGOW ASSEMBLY.

“The Assemblies of late have been so little frequented, that it begins to be doubted whether that kind of diversion is agreeable to the public, or whether the *gentlemen*, by too intense an application to their glass, may not have impaired their *loco-motive Faculties*. There is, however, to be a DANCING ASSEMBLY upon Thursday, the *first of April*. If it be well attended they will be continued as formerly.”

The date ‘first of April’ throws some suspicion on the good faith of this notice, but in any case it is suggestively characteristic of the times. Music and dancing have, from time immemorial, been the favorite exercise of the Scottish people. Even stern old Cameronians, who regarded the rural dances in barns with something akin to horror, were often content to wink at the attendance of their sons on these festive gatherings. But song and dance, and the rhythmic invocation with which the fisher dropped his net into the deep, or the maiden moved her sickle through the corn, all went down before the fierce tide of the Reforma-

tion, which swept the land clear of laughter and song, of May-day sports and Christmas spectacles, and other harmless festivities and games. Almost the sole means of relaxation left to the common people was the recitation of tales and ballads, by semi-professional peasants, who took the place of the old minstrels; and, of course, a generous indulgence in the ale stoup.

§ 16. What has been said is sufficient to indicate roughly the general condition of the country from, say 1720 to 1770. What it was at the earlier of these dates is pithily described by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, of July, 1867: "The nobility, far too numerous for the country, were poor place-hunters; the gentry wandering adventurers. There was no agriculture worthy of the name; no trade save what was carried on by petty peddlers. Prices were high; severe scarcities frequent. Slavery, though in theory illegal, was really enforced. All colliers and salt-makers were regarded as predial serfs. Kidnapping was a regular trade. Donacha Dhu, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, is no exaggeration. There were

almost no magistrates ; roads only between the large cities ; rarely bridges ; a greater number of idiots than in any other country ; and, finally, in all times a tenth, in evil days a fifth, of the whole population, begging from door to door, living in the constant commission of every kind of crime,— a state of things so appalling that (as is well known) a regular system of slavery seemed to Fletcher, of Saltoun, the only efficient remedy for miseries so deeply rooted." This, of course, is meant to apply to the close of the seventeenth century, but it holds true, with almost equal force, of a much later period. Broadly speaking, the Scotch were an austere, church-going, minister-fearing, ale-drinking, brave, honest, coarse-mannered, muscular, and indelicate people ; full of a sturdy independence of character ; an unswerving love of liberty ; and a deep craving for larger life and light and sunshine, which was beginning to burst the shackles, so long imposed upon them by the Puritanic enactments and prejudices of the age. Hand-in-hand with great parade and a vulgar display of dress, went vulgarity

of speech and act, and under a pharisaical observance of certain religious rites were hidden immorality, profanity, and drunkenness. Ladies went to church in full dress, and got flushed and talkative after dinner, and the most outspoken language was used regarding marriages and births. Adults had few intelligent books to read, and youths were taught chiefly the catechism and psalms. Much of the indelicacy in the upper, and immorality in the lower ranks of society, resulted from the smallness of the house accommodation. Even in the last decade of the century, wealthy Glasgow merchants lived in houses which had only one public room, one or two bedrooms, and a kitchen. The family had their meals in one of the bedchambers, and the public apartment was only used when company were being entertained. Dinner was served at from one to three o'clock, P. M., and at six the hostess entertained her gossips to tea, while her husband went off to his club in the tavern, where he sat drinking, and discussing the questions of the day, till nine, the hour at which these meetings

usually broke up. In the country, few houses contained more than one room, supplemented in some instances by a loft and barn. The floor was of earth; the fire of peat, in the centre of the room; a hole in the roof the chimney; and along one side of the wall were two rude beds, the remaining couches being on the floor. Families slept 'heads and thraws,' and Chaucer's tale of the miller and the two clerks was too frequently enacted in real life. The coarseness of the conversation between persons of opposite sexes surpasses belief, and the dialogue in *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, and *The Coalman's Courtship*, is only a literal, short-hand report of what might be heard any day in almost any clachan in the land. In *John Cheap the Chapman*, John bargains with the servant-girl in a house which he visits, for the use of her bed; and on being turned out of it by three drovers, lies down by the fire, while the girl sleeps with her master and mistress. In *Leper the Tailor*, in addition to a large household of men and women who sleep in the same room, an adventu-

rous calf finds temporary shelter. The old women and widows had but one object in life, to get married, and their instructions to their children, regarding the mysteries of marriage, are as plain and outspoken as language can make them. The want of amusements, with which to wile away the long nights; the habit of whole households living together in one room; the loose morality of the age; the general and intemperate use of ale; the license allowed at country gatherings, penny weddings, and fairs; and such indecent customs as that of 'bedding' young couples, and 'touzzling' among the hay: combined to produce an amount of immorality and illegitimacy which cannot be too much deplored. Worse still, the dread of the cutty-stool drove many mothers to murder their offspring, or to contract irregular marriages, to which the free-and-easy laws on the subject held out many and powerful inducements. On *Jockie* asking his mother if he should confess to being the father of the bairn, the old hag replies:

"Ay, ay, confess ye did it, but ~~say~~ but ance, an'

that it was on the terms o' marriage, the way that a' our kintry bystarts is gotten."

Marriage might be celebrated in many ways. In the *Coalman's Courtship*, the mother says :

"But Sawny man, what way is thou gaun to do, will ye mak' a pay penuny wedding, or twa three guid nibours, a peck o' meal baken with a cheese, and a barrel o' ale,—will that do?

"*Sawny*.—Na, na, mither. I'll tak' a cheaper gate nor ony o' them; I'll gar half-a-crown and a half mutchkin, or a rake o' coals do it a' [. . .]."

The manner in which Sawny did get married was as follows:

"It was agreed, over a dinner of dead fish, that the wedding was to be upon Wednesday—no bridal fouks but the twa mithers and themselves twa. So, according to appointment, they met at Edinburgh, where Sawny got the Cheap Priest, who gave them twa-three words, and twa-three lines, took their penny and a good drink, wished them joy, and gaed his wa's. 'Now,' said auld Be-go, 'if that be your minister, he's but a drunken —, mony a ane drinks up a', *but he leaves naething*; he's got that penny for devil a haet; *ye might hae cracket lufes on't*, tane ane anither's word, a kiss and a hoddle at a hillock side, and been as well, if no better. I hae seen some honest men say mair o'er their brose nor what he said a' thegither, but an' ye be pleased, 'am pleased; a bout in the bed ends a', and maks firm

work, sae here's to you and joy to the bargain,—it's ended now, weel I wat.' "

Jockie and *Maggie*, being in a better social position than *Sawny* and his bride, get married in legal and regular form: the precentor being fee'd, the bellman treated to a 'gill,' and the bans put up in the Kirk three times.

The ordinary food of the common people was coarse and scanty: Brose in the morning; brose, or ale and baps, or herring, for dinner; and brose or sowens, at night. Even in the upper classes any unusual attention to cookery was thought to be inconsistent with the spiritual destinies of man, and food was cooked in a rude and careless fashion.

§ 17. So far, only the dark side of the picture has been presented. But there are many rays of light and sunshine to relieve its dismal and sombre colours. Much of the coarseness already dwelt upon was the coarseness of health, rude and undisciplined, and possessed by the Scotch in common with other civilized nations of the time. Beneath the austere and formal

harshness of the age beat warm and passionate hearts; yearning unconsciously after more warmth and light; full of a sublime love of personal, civil, and, in a mistaken way, religious liberty; and animated, on the whole, by a deep reverence for the holiest of all books, and an implicit faith in the omnipotence, though too little, perhaps, in the mercy of a divine Providence. Their vulgarity was the result of imperfect education; their indecency and drunkenness, the inevitable revulsion from the too severe and bitter tyranny of Kirk and State. Torn by civil and religious strifes; forced to win their bread with their right hand ever on their sword-hilt; oppressed and hungered by famines and sieges and the unrighteousness of men in office; engaged in an intermittent hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot struggle with the ever clamorous armies of kingcraft, priestcraft, popery, and the devil—is it to be wondered at that, when after the Union, the country began to emerge from this ocean of bloodshed and famine and peril, its inhabitants were ignorant and rude, behind in arts and commerce, and not

so well educated in the *bienséances* of society as were their rivals across the Tweed? Rather let us admire the splendid patience, the indomitable perseverance, the sublime obstinacy in the cause of liberty, the sterling independence of character, and honesty of purpose, that enabled this people, so scattered and poor in numbers and resources, to preserve their spirit unbroken through crises so tremendous; and, after a fierce and long-protracted struggle with more powerful foes, to achieve and maintain religious liberty, and complete political independence. From the day on which the Union was completed and ratified, date the commercial greatness and social prosperity of Scotland. On that day was consummated, at least potentially, the work the Revolution had begun—the comparative annihilation of the power of the nobles. As the aristocracy were depressed and circumscribed, the people acquired liberty, and rose to something like dignity and power. With the establishment of the parochial system of schools, education spread through the masses; with peace, and freedom from civil and religious broils, com-

merce grew from more to more, until its ships made white far distant seas; and the healthy rivalry which sprang up between the two countries powerfully stimulated the trade of both. Glasgow rose, almost at a bound, to be the great manufacturing metropolis of Scotland, and to all but monopolise the tobacco trade with America. In 1709 and 1711, respectively, appeared the first numbers of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; in 1731, the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and 1749, the first English Review, the *Monthly*. Allan Ramsay, in 1735, founded the first regular circulating library in Britain; in 1699, the first Scottish newspaper that showed vitality was started under the title of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, followed in 1705, by the *Edinburgh Courant*. About the same time the banking system was greatly developed, and in 1711 the post office was extended to Scotland. The good effects of these measures were slow to show themselves. Many years elapsed before their influences were made publicly manifest; and from 1715 to 1745, English jealousy excluded the Scotch from participating in the colonial trade,



Scotland being treated more as a conquered province, than an independent country on an equal footing with its wealthier rival. But, though the good seed was long of coming to maturity, its progress was almost miraculously rapid when it did begin to ripen, and the harvest proved to be one of astonishing fertility and wealth.

" I, wha stand here in this bare, shabby coat,
Was once a packman, worth mony a groat ;
I've carried packs as big as your ha' table,
I've scrapit pats and sleepit in a stable ;
Six pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
And I would boldly brag it was a' my ain.
Aye, thae were days indeed that gar'd me hope
Aiblins, through time, to warsell up a shop."

—*The Loss o' the Pack.*

CHAPTER II.

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| <p>§ 1. <i>Early literature of Scotland.—Minstrelsy in the olden time.</i></p> <p>§ 2. <i>Minstrelsy and the Reformation.—Origin of the literary chap-man.</i></p> <p>§ 3. <i>Origin of the humorous chap-book.—Scottish literature from Ramsay to Burns.</i></p> <p>§ 4. <i>Character of the chap-books.—Chap-books historically valuable.—Stationery stores in the Salt-</i></p> | <p><i>market in the eighteenth century.</i></p> <p>§ 5. <i>The Chapman.—Qualifications of a successful chap-man.—Peter Dulhie.</i></p> <p>§ 6. <i>Classification.—Humorous chap-books.</i></p> <p>§ 7. <i>Instructive chap-books.</i></p> <p>§ 8. <i>Romantic chap-books.</i></p> <p>§ 9. <i>Superstitious chap-books.</i></p> <p>§ 10. <i>Authorship of chap-books.</i></p> |
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§ 1. Few literatures are so rich in story and song as that of Scotland. From the earliest times, of which any record exists, there was a large stock of unrecorded fiction and song floating about among all classes, the great bulk of which has, unfortunately, perished. Barbarous, or half-civilized communities, delight, like children, to revel in marvels of adventure and romance. The list of tales and songs given in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, as having been in existence in the middle of the sixteenth century, is a sufficient index to the kind of literature most popular with the people of

those days. Chaucer, Ovid, and the Arthurian legends furnished no small portion of the stock; while Mandeville, Virgil, and Æsop contributed their respective quota. Among the stories most common were: 'Robert le Diable,' 'Ferrand, Earl of Flanders, that married the Devil,' 'The Red Etin with the Three Heads,' 'The Well of the World's End,' 'The Three-footed Dog of Norrøway,' 'Tale of How the King of Eastmoreland married the King's Daughter of Westmoreland,' 'The Four Sons of Aymon,' 'The Brig of the Manbrybill,' 'Sir Walter, the bold Lesley,' 'Bevis of Southampton,' 'Young Tamlane and the bold Braband,' 'Sir Egeir and Sir Gryme,' 'Tale of the Three Weird Sisters,' 'The Golden Apple,' 'Hero and Leander,' 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' 'The Sieges of Tyre, Thebes, Troy, and Milan,' 'Wallace,' 'Bruce,' 'Ipomydon,' 'The Prophecies of Merlin, the Rhymer, Bede and Marlyng,' and 'Robin Hood and Little John.' There were also versions of the nursery tales of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'Cinderella,' entitled respectively 'The Giants that Eat Quick Men' and 'The Tale

of the Pure Tint ;' the latter of which furnished the groundwork of the 'Pure Tint of Rashy-coat,' printed by the late Robert Chambers in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*. In addition to these, and similar narratives, there existed a large number of songs and several astrological almanacks. The above tales were mostly in verse, that being the form most easily remembered, and were circulated among the people orally, by professional bards or minstrels, who gained a livelihood from their recitation. Of such was blind Harry, who, with Hog, Watschod, and Wedderspune, was attached to the Court of James IV. as tale-teller. These errant-minstrels combined the characters of musician and bard, and, harp in hand, wandered from castle to castle, and hamlet to hamlet, reciting to lord and peasant, gentle and simple, their legends of love and war. Welcome guests were they in cottage and hall ; beloved by the people, and regarded as a privileged class. In the *Scotichronicon*, written about 1441, Bower laments that the vulgar crowd of his own day took great delight in plays, ballads, and

romances, founded on the story of *Robin Hood and Little John*; and there is authentic evidence that 'gests' were written upon important political and social events, and on the adventures and lives of men like Bruce and Wallace. But the majority of these productions have perished, for the clergy, to whom was entrusted the exclusive preservation of literature in writing, were the sworn foes of the minstrels, whom they looked upon as impudent varlets, and servants of the prince of darkness. Even after the introduction of printing in the sixteenth century, a long time elapsed before any serious attempt was made to preserve the popular tales and ballads. The early typographers were deeply impressed with the importance of their art, and cared not to put it to what, in their fresh enthusiasm, they might easily have deemed to be ignoble uses. A world of classical learning and poetry called imperatively for their first attention; the wisdom and wit of Greece, Rome, Palestine, and Chaucer, were waiting impatiently to be printed in the Scottish tongue; and the slighter forms had even to

wait their turn. Hence it is that the works described in the *Complaynt of Scotland* have, in most cases, perished; and of the songs and ballads only a few scattered lines remain to tantalise us with their poetic suggestiveness.

§ 2. For some time previous to the Reformation minstrelsy had begun to fall into comparative disrepute, and about 1550 severe measures were passed, which interfered greatly with the exercise of the craft, and all but suppressed the sports of the commonalty. Nine years later, the long pent-up fires burst their thin crust, and flamed forth into the fierce volcano of Reform, in whose scorching heat the poor old tales of superstition and romance, the songs and ballads of the people which had gladdened Scottish hearts for twice two hundred years, were shrivelled up, and perished. When, however, the rigour of the reformation began to abate, the minds of the people turned instinctively to their old amusements. The minstrels, of course, were gone, but by and by their places began to be supplied by semi-professional reciters or singers, who

supplemented their ordinary labours in the field and on the hill, by visiting the various farm houses in their neighborhood, to delight the rustic inmates with their rude stories and jests. Ultimately, when the wants of the people increased, and printing was applied to the multiplication of broadsides and black-letter tracts, the itinerant peddlers, who were then almost the only merchants in the country, began to unite the functions of salesmen and story-tellers, and by their means, the cheap tracts, histories, songs, and collections of facetiæ, which then constituted the sole literary pabulum of the multitude, were circulated throughout the country. Towards the middle and end of the last century, this sort of trade reached its highest point of prosperity, and flying stationers were welcome guests in every house and hamlet. The circumstances of the country, and the state of the roads between the towns and remote districts, rendered the packmen absolutely necessary; and experience taught them to be accommodating and polite to their different customers. No business depended more for

success upon courteous manners than did the travelling merchant's; there was a 'knack' necessary, neither to be too pressing nor too careless about selling, never to look disappointed nor annoyed if unable to obtain purchasers, and never to fail in good humour, however tried and harassed.

About this time, too, an immense stimulus was given to the circulation of this vulgar literature by the extraordinary vigour and humour of a humble peddler, who took to writing, editing, and publishing chap-books.

§ 3. This man was Dougal Graham, sometime bellman to the city of Glasgow, better known as the author of a metrical history of the Rebellion of 1745-6, and who flourished from about 1724 to 1779. Until Graham's advent, chap-books had consisted chiefly of almanacks, songs, theological and political tracts, and nursery tales, with collections of facetiæ and romantic legends, common to all European and many Asiatic countries. But Graham introduced what may almost be called a revolution in this sort of literature. His long experience of

the lower classes, in his capacity of peddler, and his intimate knowledge of their likings, prejudices, and customs, combined with a natural itch for writing; and considerable humour and descriptive power, first inspired him with the idea of turning his experiences to account and catering to the vulgar taste. With this end, he collected many of the stories then current, and worked them up into a connected form, giving them a local colouring, and a coarse flavour, that suited them to the tastes of his humble patrons. In other cases, he seized on some of the most common customs of the poor, and wove around them a humorous thread of narrative; or, following the example of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, boldly stole an original, and, if possible, foreign work,—clothed it anew in Scottish dress, and gave it to the world as his own. In the absence of the date of imprint on most of the early chap-books, it is seldom possible to say which were the first editions; but the *consensus* of opinion on the subject assigns the majority of the most humorous and characteristic chap-books to the period which

elapsed from the death of Allan Ramsay, towards the middle of the century, to the time when the poems of Burns began to obtain a firm footing in the country. This interval, stretching over more than fifty years, was all but barren in literary effort, and the absence of anything in the shape of cheap literature, except a few fugitive tracts and songs, if it did not altogether originate, gave, at any rate, an immense impulse to the production and circulation of chap-books. Towards the end of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century, the libraries of poor folk consisted of only a Bible, the Confession of Faith, a bunch of ballads, and *Sir William Wallace*,—the first for the gud-wife, the second for the gudeman, the third for the daughter, and the last for the son. Metrical versions of *Robin Hood*, Barbour's *Bruce*, and individual ballads, with now and then a small collection of songs, formed the staple literary—almost, indeed, the only popular entertainment, especially in rural districts. As education spread and civilization advanced, the number of readers steadily

and rapidly increased, and the old supply of literary pabulum was found to be insufficient. This want was the more felt owing to the dominance of priestcraft, and the austerity with which all sports and amusements were regarded, causing young and old, particularly in the country, to crave for some other means of enjoyment and mirthful relaxation than was afforded by the recitation of ballads, the bandying about of rude jokes, and the coarse customs which obtained in connection with certain seasons of the year. Deprived of a legitimate outlet for their social activities, and having much spare time on their hand, the youth of both sexes were driven to seek excitement in a rude, broad style of talk and intercourse, which led to many serious evils. Still more was the want of cheap, amusing books felt when the death of the 'gentle shepherd,' who had so long delighted Scotland with his artless pipings on the oaten reed, left the people without any prominent popular literary purveyor. Then it was that, naturally and without any special movement or guidance, the humorous chap-literature of

Scotland sprang into sudden and vigorous vitality, bridging over the gulf which separates the Ballad from the daily and periodical Press. From London, Newcastle, Stirling, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Irvine, and Kilmarnock, the country was inundated with a continuous and constantly increasing flood of chap-books, the annual issue of which, in Scotland alone, is supposed by Mr. Chambers to have exceeded 200,000; a calculation greatly within the mark. They had a place by every fireside; their incidents and jokes were on every tongue; in farm-house and hamlet they formed the chief amusement of thousands; and in spite of their grossness and profanity, their ridicule of 'Mess John,' and their contempt of superiors, no attempt was made by the ecclesiastical or civil authorities to interfere with their production or circulation. This continued till early in the present century, when the introduction of cheap and wholesome literature effected naturally, quietly, and efficiently, a reform which, although never before advocated, was greatly needed, and drove the coarser chap-books across the

border, where they found a refuge in Newcastle and the North of England. By this, it is not meant that these publications were abolished. They are still circulated in large numbers throughout the country, but the more indecent have been weeded out, and almost all of them have been expurgated and revised, while their sale is becoming yearly more circumscribed and limited.

§ 4. The early chap-books should be read in the light of the age which gave them birth. Coarse in nature and gross in language and morals, people told stories in the family circle, and without any thought of offence, which might have caused Boccaccio or him of the Golden Ass to blush. Of this coarseness we have a graphic—at times, too graphic reflex—in the class of books under review, some of which, and these the most characteristic and popular, are so broad, one can only wonder that the austere *custodes morum* of the times ever allowed them to be openly circulated and read, without an effort to check or abate the evil. The best apology that can be made for this coarseness is, that the indecencies were uncon-

scious—the freedoms and liberties of a child rolling on a carpet. These works meant no evil, and took no thought of the laughter of remote critics; being addressed to a rude, healthy, half-educated audience, in want of amusement and craving to have their midriffs tickled. In this they succeeded, and their historical value is partly due to this occasional disregard of what are now regarded as the proprieties. In a curious sketch of a ‘Bookseller’s Establishment of the Olden Time,’ which occurs in a book entitled *Aberdeen Worthies*, written by William Bannerman, and published before 1840, a brief list is given of books most popular towards the end of last century, and sold in “the little shopie aside the Plainstaness,” in Aberdeen. One part of the sole window in the establishment was occupied with favourite schoolboy authors, and such coarse but attractive prints of the day as ‘The Farm Yard on Fire,’ ‘The Mad Bull,’ ‘Haymaking,’ ‘Harvest Home,’ and the like, “price twopence coloured or one penny plain; printed and sold by Carrington & Bowles, 45 St. Paul’s Church-

yard." These prints were to be found all over Europe, and at the present moment the children of the members of that firm are in receipt of a handsome independence derived from the sale of these little publications. Side by side with the above were such stock pieces as 'The History of King Pippin,' and 'The Death of Cock Robin,' with cuts, and bound in gilt, price one penny; and above them, again, the larger volumes, including, in prose, 'The History of Lothian Tom,' 'Wise Willie and Witty Eppie,' 'The Sayings and Doings, and Witty Jests of George Buchanan,' 'Sir William Wallace,' etc.; in verse, 'Chevy Chase,' 'The Cherry and the Slae,' 'Sir James the Rose,' 'The Dominie Deposed,' and 'Ajax's Speech to the Grecian Knabs.' The lad, who is supposed to enter the shop, asks for 'Lothian Tom,' from which it may reasonably be inferred that *Tom* was one of the most popular 'chaps' then known. About the year 1780, according to *Senex* in his 'Glasgow, Past and Present,' the old Saltmarket street biblioplists confined themselves mostly to religious works, and to the inter-

esting pamphlets and histories of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Valentine and Orson,' 'Leper the Tailor,' 'The Seven Wise Men of Gotham,' and such like. Their premises were situated in the dark recesses under the pillars, and their establishments were decked out with assortments of half-penny prints, and gold-feuilled children's books, such as 'Goody two Shoes,' 'Babes in the Wood,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' etc. The most striking article of their display, however, was the celebrated painted penny print of *Paul Jones* shooting a sailor, who attempted to strike his colours; and the miserable countenance of poor *Jack* when the pistol was being presented to his head, never failed to attract a fair assemblage of window gazers.

§ 5. In a volume of Scottish sketches entitled "Round the Grange Farm; or, Good Old Times," by Miss Jean L. Wilson, and published by William P. Nimmo, Edinburgh, 1872, we are introduced to a very dramatic and truthfully painted picture of the conventional chapman, which may well stand as a companion sketch to that of the

great prince of peddlers, whom the reader will find depicted at full length in Chapter III. Old *Dauvit* was a middle-sized, broad-shouldered man, with a keen, pawky eye, and a very sleek, worldly face. He was always clad in a blue coat like a large sur-tout, with big metal buttons, homespun grey vest and trousers, while his head was surmounted by a huge broad bonnet with a red top; round his neck he wore a green and yellow Indian neckerchief, which encircled his unbleached shirt collar. The lappels of his coat and vest pockets were the only fanciful part of his dress; his pack was tied in a linen table-cover, and slung over his shoulders, but *Dauvit* strode on as if he felt no burden, planting his staff firmly on the ground, and keeping a sharp eye on business. His stock consisted, perhaps, of hardware goods, comprising *five bawbee* knives, needles, pins of all sizes, from the small 'minikin' to the large 'Willie Cossar,' thimbles, scissors, bone combs, specks; also ballads, such as 'Gill Morice' and 'Sir James the Rose,' or four and eight page pamphlets, generally comprehending among the num-

ber 'John Cheap the Chapman,' 'The King and the Cobbler,' and 'Ali-Baba, or the Forty Thieves.' *Dauvit* had his regular 'rounds,' which he traversed twice, or it might be many times a year; usually contriving at nightfall to reach some friendly farmhouse, where the cog of porridge and bed of straw were cheerfully given in return for his budget of news, his packet of chap-books, or small parcel of tea and sugar, bespoken on his last visit. Every person, from the peer to the peasant, welcomed and encouraged *Dauvit* to castle or cot. When he entered a house he had always a suitable remark to set off his rustic bow, and confident familiar smile. 'Uncommon fine weather, mistress,' was his favourite salutation, varying the 'fine' with 'coarse,' 'cauld,' 'dry,' 'wat,' or 'changeable,' to suit the weather. Then followed some complimentary remark, such as—"I needna ask if ye're weel the day, for ye're the very picture o' health;" or some decidedly pleasant observation, especially to the young lasses, as, "fair fa' your bonny face, I haena seen your match in a' the borders;" or, "Eh, now! but a sight of you's

a gude thing; I wonder if I ha'e ony nice ribbon in my pack for you the day," with, it might be, "Ye're a comely lassie. I wish he saw you, the noo, that likes ye best." Of course, after such flattering speeches *Dauvit* was asked to lay down his pack and give them his news, and then he, nothing loath, opened up his budget of information, told the mistress when he last saw her married daughter, and how she was looking; delivered the message to Jenny the kitchen-maid, received from some far away brother; or told the master all about the various 'craps' upon the different farms he passed through, generally ending with—"I ha'e seen nae pasture to compare wi' your ain," or, "Ye've braw corn, maister, in the park down there." He was generally asked to join the family of the small farmer at meals; but he was a very moderate eater and well bred in his own fashion, handing all the plates of bread to the company at table till told again and again "that he was eatin' nane his sel' but only watchin' other folk." *Dauvit* learned about all the marriages likely to take place, and throwing himself

in the way of the bridegroom or bride, would make him or her a present of a ribbon or neckerchief; then, after a joke and an encomium on the absent one, expressing his certainty that two such "weel doin' industrious young folk couldna but be happy," he would inform them that he "was aye at hame frae the last Monday o' the a'e month to the first Monday o' the other; or, if they wad either write what they wanted, or come owre, he wad gi'e them some grand bargains," adding "that he wad tak' the siller as they could gi'e him it." But Geordie Johnston o' the Shaw remarked, after doing, as he termed it, a "gude stroke wi' *Dauvit*," that "he wasna sae accommodatin' as he made believe." When business was over, if he could reach another farm-town before dark, he would roll up the pack, and wishing them all 'a gude afternoon,' speed on his way; but if it was near nightfall, he remained and spent the evening, sitting with the assembled household round the fire, retailing his news, or it might be slyly, but faithfully, delivering a message or letter to some lad or lass, amongst the company, from

an absent sweetheart. The *fore supper* was the best time for gossip, and this, during winter, was from *lowsin'* time, about five o'clock, until eight, when the cows were milked and the horses *suppered*. All eagerly listened to *Dauvit's* summary of news, as well they might, for his budget was varied, extending from Parliamentary discussion to domestic cookery; the *bairns* listening so intently and so quietly, that they generally fell asleep on their stools, while the older part of the audience, unwilling to break the thread of his narrative, scarcely interrupted him with a single question.

No one who is at all familiar with Scottish character can fail to appreciate the truth and vigour of this sketch; which, however, gives less prominence to what may be called the artistic and literary qualifications of the peddler, than is quite suited to our immediate purpose. A better representative of the literary chap-man is to be found in a twenty-four-paged tract, entitled "Memoirs of the late John Kippen, Cooper, in Methven, near Perth, to which is added An Elegy on Peter Duthie, who was upwards

of eighty years a Flying Stationer : Stirling, Printed by C. Randall,"—in which we have a curious list of the qualifications and most popular wares of the flying stationer. Peter Duthie, the subject of the elegy, flourished from 1721 till 1812, and the lines refer to the precise period under notice :

Lament ye people, ane an' a',
 For Peter Duthie's e'en awa' ;
 Nae mair will Pata e'er travel round
 The circle o' his native ground ;
 Nae mair shall he last speeches cry,
 Nor in the barns will ever lie ;
 Nae mair shall he again appear
 To usher in the infant year,
 With *Almanacks* frae Aberdeen,
 The best and truest ever seen ;
 Nae mair shall he again proclaim
 The prophecies in *Rhymer's* name ;
 Nor sell again the great commands,
 Nor praise the beuk ca'd *Meally Hands* ;
 Nor *Arry's* ware for lads or lasses,
 Which for the highest wisdom passes ;
 Nor shall he *Jock and Maggie's* tale
 Again expose to view or sale ;
 Nae mair shall he e'er gain a dram
 Upon the tricks o' *Louden Tam* ;
Buchanan's wit he cannot praise,
 As aft he did in former days ;
 Nor tell how *Leper* threw the cat
 Into auld Janet's boiling pat.—

* * * *

[Death's] sov'reign will nae doubt it was,
Altho' we canna' tell the cause,
To drive poor Peter from the earth,
An' cause sic mourning into Perth,
Where lang the honest body dwelt,
Where mony a hunder beuk he selt,
An' where ten thousand wad defend him,
And sae wad ilk ane done that kend him.
Alas ! poor Pate ! nae mair will ye
Tell tales again wi' mirth and glee ;
Lang will the country lasses weary,
To see that face was ay sae cheery,
A face, weel kent o'er Britain's Isle,
A face ay painted with a smile.

O wha will now fill up thy place,
And fill it with so good a grace ?
There's only one that I do ken,
Amang the mortal sons o' men,
An' that is Jackey ; ance thy friend,
The fittest fellow e'er I kend ;
Thy customers he knew right well,
An' can a canty story tell,
On winter nights, while round the ingle,
The wheels an' reels an' plates do jingle,
So let him now tak' up the trade,
An' then I'm sure his fortune's made.

§ 6. The foregoing remarks will serve to show the nature of the packman's trade and wares, as also what were accounted the best known and most popular chap-books. Broadly speaking, these productions fall to be considered under five heads: 1, Humor-

ous; 2, Instructive; 3, Romantic; 4, Superstitious; 5, Songs, Ballads, and Party Squibs.

(1.) CLASS I.—The Humorous subdivides into two, in the first of which some semi historical or fictitious personage is employed as a central figure round which to group a heterogeneous series of facetiæ and tales. No attempt is made to secure dramatic unity, and the pseudo-hero is generally half knave and half fool, with a dash of the philosopher when occasion demands. Scottish heroes of this kind are fairly numerous, and with them, of course, these chapters will chiefly deal; but as the exploits with which they are credited are borrowed from foreign sources, through the medium, generally, of English chap-books, brief incidental notices will be given of works which do not immediately fall within the somewhat limited province assigned to this book. The rollicking blades best known north of the Tweed are *George Buchanan*, *Silly Tam*, *John Falkirk*, *Leper the Tailor*, *John Cheap the Chapman*, *Lothian Tom*, *Wise Willie and Witty Eppie*, *Peter Pickup*, *Paddy from Cork*, *The Wise Men of*

Gotham, *Simple John*, and *Tom Tram*. As will be shown presently, the four last-mentioned are not distinctively local; but for reasons to be explained shortly, are included among the witty heroes popular on Scottish soil. Of the English rivals to these personages, *Simple Simon*, *Old Hobson*, *John Ogle*, *John Franky*, *Tom Long*, *Poor Robin*, *The Unfortunate Son and the Unfortunate Daughter*, *Tom Stitch*, *Swalpo the Pickpocket*, and *Roger the Clown*, with, perhaps, *Tarleton*, and *Taffy*, are among the best known. These somewhat rough and ready, and, by no means, exhaustive lists, so run into and merge with one another, that, in some instances, it is difficult to draw a hard and fast line between them. Thus, *Silly Tam* and *Simple John*, both Scotchmen, are almost identical with the English *Simple Simon*; and *Leper the Tailor* and *Lothian Tom* bear a strong resemblance to *Wanton Tom Stitch the Tailor*; while *Taffy* and *The Wise Men of Gotham* belong, in a literary point of view, to no particular nationality; but claim their descent from many different sources.

In two essential features, however,—the plan of construction and the general character of the incident—these histories are all alike. As to the particular quarter from which the various adventures to which they relate, are derived, it is not easy to speak definitely. This, however, is certain, that ‘Ovid,’ ‘Gesta Romanorum,’ the ‘Seven Viziers,’ ‘Seven Sages,’ ‘Don Quixote,’ the ‘Decameron,’ and most of the best-known storehouses of eastern, mediæval and classical fiction, have furnished the ideas, in some instances the exact fables, of a large proportion of the stories included in the vulgar literature of England and Scotland. To give a few out of many instances :—The judgment of the rape, attributed both to George Buchanan and ‘Tom Tram,’ is borrowed from ‘Sancho Panza;’ Buchanan’s ruse by which he contrives to be driven to London from Cornwall, when he has not so much money as will pay his hotel bill, is stolen verbatim from ‘Tarleton’s Jests;’ while the story of the poor woman and the three mercantile swindlers is from the ‘Seven Sages,’ and is common among the collec-

tions of Latin tales of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is also narrated in the *Nouveaux contes à rire*, (Amsterdam, 1737,) under the title of the *Jugement subtil du duc d'Ossone contre dix Marchands*. So, also, Tom Tram's device by which he obtains £5 for preventing a man from being cuckolded, is a common mediæval tale; the popular episode, 'My Uncle's Ghost,' is from the 'Decameron;' and the story of the 'Three Wishes' is repeated in slightly varying forms in the 'Parables of Sandabar,' the 'Indian Pantcha-tautra,' the 'Seven Sages,' and the 'Confessio Amantis.' Lothian Tom's trick by which he out-wits his lawyer is but a repetition, in a modified form, of the story of old Hobson, and his servant, on their ride to Bristowe. From the 'Gesta Romanorum,' again, we have Jack Franky's expedient by which he outran his pursuer; the comical Irish bull of the three dreamers and the loaf; the proverbial three black crows; and the tragedy of the goose and the golden eggs. Probably, also, Boccaccio's story of 'Why the Gentlewoman of Lyons sat with her

hair clipt off, in Purgatory,' (Giorn, VII., Nov. 6,) suggested, through the medium of *Tarleton's Newes*, (1590), the cutting off the wife's hair by the wise man of Gotham. The incident appeared originally in the *Disciplina Clericalis*, of Peter Alfonsi, and is to be found in most of the Eastern series of tales, as also in Poggius, and in many of the collections of facetiæ of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What, again, are the misfortunes of *Simple John*; the beating of pots, and the losing of the mut-ton, by *Tom Tram*; with the various incidents narrated in *Buchaven* and the *Wise Men of Gotham*: but reproductions of the Grecian bulls perpetrated by the ever popular *skolastikos*? Finally, George Buchanan's stories of the poor tailor who accidentally killed a man; of the books and the bellows; and of the difference between a Scot and a sot: are taken *literatim* from the *Apothegms of Francis Bacon*.

But after making all allowance for this wholesale and innocent plagiarism, and acknowledging that the incidents in most of these humorous histories have been bor-

rowed from the facetiæ of every age and country, there still remain their setting, their language, and their tone, which are distinctly and intensely original and local. Were they merely a rehash of the old fables, with which Gower, Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Shakespeare, and, in our own day, Mr. Furnival, Dr. Halliwell-Phillips, and others, have familiarised the public, they would not deserve more than a passing glance. But they are not this; for, while in many cases, the outlines are borrowed, the whole filling up, the customs narrated, the dialogue, and many of the incidents, are so essentially and characteristically Scotch, that they could not possibly have been grown on foreign soil. These rough, broad histories are saturated with an intensely local colouring, as indeed they must have been to have appealed so forcibly to the sympathies of their patrons. The incidents, though plundered from many foreign sources, have still about them a wonderful freshness and flavour, the result mainly of the manner in which they are wrought out, and the racy vernacular in which they are told.

Another and more valuable class of humorous chap-books is that in which there is a certain definite plot, accompanied by a large proportion of dialogue, and elaborated to a legitimate conclusion. Of this class, the most popular are: In prose—*Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*, and *The History of the Haverel Wives*, or *Janet Clinker's Orations*; and, in verse—*The Wife of Beath*, *Watty and Meg*, *The Monk and the Miller's Wife*, *Thrummy Cap*, and, in verse and prose—*Habby Simpson*. These furnish the choicest specimens of national humour and customs, and are replete with graphic descriptions of persons and manners. Here are three portraits of *Sawny the Coalman*, representing *Sawny* sober, *Sawny* dressed, and *Sawny* drunk.

§1. SAWNY SOBER.—“He was a stout young raw loun, full-faced, wi’ flabby cheeks, duddy breeks, and a ragged doublet; gade always wi’ his bosom bare, sometimes had ae gartan, a lingle or rash-rape was good enough for Sawny. His very belly was a’ sun-burnt, and brown like a piper’s bag, or the head of an old drum; and yet he was a ruddy loun in the face, and swallowed brose for his breakfast, and baps and ale through the day, and when the wind was cauld, bought an oven farl and twa Dunbar-

weathers, or a Glasgow-Magistrate, which fish-wives ca's a Weslin-herrin.

§ 2. SAWNY DRESSED.—Up got *Sawny* in the morning, and swallowed his sodden meat, slag by slag; and aff he goes to the coals and courting, lilting and singing like a lav'reck in a May morning, "O to be married if this be the way." The colliers all wondered to see him sae weal busket, with a pair of wally side auld-fashioned breeks o' his father's, and a lang gravat like a minister, or Bailie Duff at a burial, clean face and hands, and no less than a gun-sleeved linen sark on him, which made his cheeks to shine like a sherney weight, and the colliers swore he was as braw as a horse gaun to a cow's dredgy.

§ 3. SAWNY DRUNK.—When *Sawny* came out he stoited and staggered as a sturdy stot: molash was chief commander, for he thought everybody had twa heads and four een, and more noses than they needed; being sometime in the dark house, thought it was the morning of a new day. . . . Off he goes, steering about like a ship against the wind, as if he would make holes in the wa's and windows with his elbows: he looked as fierce as a lion; wi' a red face like a trumpeter, and his nose was like a bubble-cock's neb, as blue as blowirt; but or he ran half way, his head turned heavier than his heels, and mony a filthy fa' he got; thro' thick and thin he plashed, till hame he gets at last grunting and graping by the wa's, that auld Mary, his mither, thought it was their neighbour's sow, he was sae bedaubed wi' dirt."

The hand-to-hand fight that accompanied the bedding of *Jockie* and *Maggie* is also vigorously painted :

“For the hamsheughs were very great, until auld uncle Rabby came in to redd them; and a sturdy auld fallow he was. He stood stively with a stiff rumple, and by strength of his arms rave them sindry, flinging the tane east and the tither wast, until they stood a’ round about like as many breathless forfoughten cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him; Jockie’s mither was driven o’er a kist, and brogit a’ her hips on a round heckle. Up she gat, and rinning to fell Maggie’s mither wi’ the ladle, swore she was the mither of a’ the mischief that happened. Uncle Rabby ran in between them; he having a long nose, like a trumpet, she recklessly came o’er his lobster neb a drive wi’ the ladle till the blood sprang out, an’ ran down his auld grey beard and hang like bubbles at it; O! then he gaed wood, and looked as woefu’ like as he had been a tod-lowrie come frae worrying the lambs, wi’ his bloody mouth. Wi’ that he gets an auld flail, and rives awa’ the supple, then drives them a’ to the back o’ the door, but yet nane wan out. Then wi’ chirten’ an’ chappen’, down comes the clayhallen and the hen bawk wi’ Rab Reid, the fiddler, who had crept up aside the hens for the preservation o’ his fiddle.”

Few things could be more dramatic or humorous than the account of *Jockie’s* interview, first with the justice, and afterwards

with the minister ; or *Sawny's* description of how he made love to old *Be-go's* daughter, and the exit of the little tailor 'body' with his tail between his feet, like a half-worried colly dog. Or take *Janet Clincker's* philippic against the minister's family :

“ Indeed I think he (the minister) is a gay gabby body, but he ha' twa fau'ts and his wife has three; he's unco greedy o' siller, and preaching down pride and up charity, and yet he's that fu' o' pride himsel' that he has gotten a glass winnock on ilka side of his nose, and his een is as clear as twa clocks to luk' to; he has twa gilly gawkies o' dochters, wha come to the Kirk wi' their coblethow mutches frizled up as braid as their hips, and clear things like stars about their necks, and at ilka lug a wallop white thing hanging, syne about their necks a bit thin claith like a mouse web, and their twa bits o' paps ay playing nidity nod, shining thro' like twa yearning bags. Shame fa' them and their fligmagaeries baith, for I get nae gude o' the preaching looking at them, and a' the shairney hought bizzies in the parish maun ha'e the like or lang gae. But an' I were to preach, sic pride sudna ha'e baith peace and prosperity in my parish : I wa'd point my finger at them in the Kirk and name them, baith name and surname, and say there sits shairney Meg o' the mill ; stumpy May o' the Moss ; sniveling Kate, with her bodle mak-easter coat ; they come into the Kirk, bobbing their hint quarters like water wagtails, shaking their heads like a hunder-

pound horse, and what shall I compare them to?—painted Jezebels, the — of Babylon, Rachel —, wi' a' their gaudy decoying colours, high taps, and spread glittering tails, when they come into the house o' prayer, as it were a house of dancing and deboshery. Gae, ye painted peeswips, to fairs or waddins, and their display your proud banners o' pride; but if the gilly gawkies should come into the Kirk wi' their heels up and their heads down, our Mess John is like ane o' the dogs of Egypt, he wou'dna move his tongue, and, I believe, he darna for clippock his wife."

There is not only much humour, but a good deal of vigour and satirical power in these extracts. Indeed, vigour is characteristic of all the humorous chap-books; the metaphors in which are often as striking and straightforward as anything in Chaucer. This is the how *Sawny* felt, on wakening, after his potations with old *Be-go* the night before:

"Poor *Sawny* had a terrible nicht o't wi' a sair head and a sick heart. His een stood in his head, and he had a sougning in his lugs like a sawmill, and everything ran round him a' that day." Next day, being better, "he got his claise clean, his hair comb'd and greas'd wi' butter, and his face as clean as the cat had licked it." Even yet, however, "he was as pale as a ghost from the grave, and his face was entirely white like a weel bleached dish clout."

But if *Sawny* was ill looking, what can be said of mother *Clinker*, who was so anxious to be married, although “she look’d like the picture of death riding on hunger’s back for want o’ teeth to chew bread for the nourishment of the body.”

§ 7. (2.) THE INSTRUCTIVE Chap-books are so numerous as almost to defy classification; but, roughly speaking, they may be ranged under one or other of these five heads:—*a*, Historical; *b*, Biographical; *c*, Religious and Moral; *d*, Manuals of Instruction; *e*, Almanacks.

a. Most prominent among the histories is Dougal Graham’s metrical account of the Rebellion of 1745–6, followed by the histories of :

“Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge,” ‘The Twelve Cæsars,’ ‘The Kings and Queens of England and Scotland,’ ‘Free Masonry,’ ‘A New Historical Catechism,’ ‘The Battle of Otterburn,’ ‘Chevy Chase,’ ‘Executions in Scotland from the year 1600,’ ‘Massacre of Glencoe,’ ‘Edinburgh,’ ‘Glasgow Cathedral and High Church,’ ‘Siege of Gibraltar,’ ‘History of the Gentle Craft,’ ‘Explosion of the Prince in 1752,’ ‘Remarkable Earthquakes,’ ‘England,’ ‘Scotland,’ ‘London Plague of 1665,’ ‘Narrative of Four Sailors,’ ‘Botany Bay,’ ‘Crazy

Jane,' 'The Devil,' 'The Savage Girl,' 'Trial of Sir A. G. Kinloch.'

b. The Biographies include :

'Johnny Armstrong,' 'Robin Hood,' 'Wallace,' 'Bruce,' 'Black Douglas,' 'Mary Queen of Scots,' 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' 'Mahomet,' 'Jane Shore,' 'The Fair Rosamond,' 'Robert Burns,' 'Bishop Usher,' 'Enoch,' 'The Wonderful Roman Prophet,' 'Thomas the Rhymer,' 'Alexander Peden,' 'Dr. Donald,' 'John Knox,' 'Prince Charles,' 'The Rev. Dr. Cargill,' 'Robert Nixon and Bishop of Arles,' 'Dr. Van Hasn,' 'John Porter,' 'James Allan, the Northumberland Piper,' 'William Lithgow,' 'Peter Williamson ;' also, accounts of 'David Haggart, the Murderer,' 'George Barnewell,' 'Paul Jones,' 'Redmond O'Hanlan,' 'Dick Turpin,' 'Murdoch Currie,' 'Rob Roy,' 'M'Pherson,' 'Fleming,' 'Gilder Roy,' 'The Irish Assassin,' 'William Burke,' 'Moll of Flanders,'—robbers and cut-throats ; 'The Madrid Shaver,' 'Charles Jones,' 'Black Jack of Knaresborough,' 'Jane Arnold,' 'Bamfylde Moore Carew,' 'David Huntly,' 'Hector M'Lean,' 'Elizabeth Stewart and James Covey,' 'Mrs. Johnston, the Captive American,' and 'Jean of Bogmoor.'

c. Not less numerous are the Religious and Moral Chap-books, among which are :

'A Choice Drop of Honey,' 'Sins and Sorrows,' 'A Token for Mourners,' 'The Plant of Renown,' 'A Prayer Book,' 'The New Pictorial Bible,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'A Wedding Ring,' 'Judas Iscariot,' 'Moses,' 'Joseph and Paul,' 'Abraham,'

'Isaac,' 'Jacob and Jonah,' 'Female Policy, or Designing Women,' 'The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness,' Allan Ramsay's 'Scotch Proverbs,' 'Betsy Brown,' 'The Afflicted Parent,' 'The London Spy,' 'Honesty in Distress,' 'Richard's Maxims,' 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.'

d. The long list of Manuals of Instruction comprises :

'The Housekeeper,' 'The Cookery Book,' 'The Way to Wealth,' 'The Valentine Writer,' 'The Polite Letter Writer,' 'The Book of Etiquette,' 'The Vermin Killer,' 'Money-Catching,' 'Franklin's Art of Swimming,' 'Description of the Emperor of China's Palace,' 'The Angler's Guide,' 'The Freemason's Catechism,' and 'Almanacks,' the almost infinite variety and number of which defy enumeration.

It is not necessary to give any farther account of the larger portion of the books above mentioned. The purely historical narratives are simply written, and generally accurate as to matters of fact; and as they may be had at most book-sellers at the present moment, they need not detain us longer.

§ 8. (3.) ROMANTIC.—Of the Romances and Fairy Tales, the following are, perhaps, the best known :

'Beauty and the Beast,' 'Whittington and his Cat,' 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Jack and the Bean

Stalk,' 'Tom Thumb,' 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,' 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,' 'Sinbad the Sailor,' 'Prince Lupin,' 'Valentine and Orson,' 'Cinderella,' 'Blue Beard,' 'Robin Hood,' 'The Babes in the Wood,' 'The Babes in the Wood, Continued,' 'Dorastus and Fawnia,' 'The Young Robber,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Sixteen-Fingered Jack,' 'The Little White Mouse,' 'Æsop's Fables,' 'The Sleeping Beauty of the Wood,' 'The White Fawn,' 'Thomas Hickathrift,' 'Hero and Leander,' 'The Seven Champions,' 'The Wild Huntsman,' 'The Bitter Wedding,' 'The Long Pack,' 'The Ghost of My Uncle,' 'Tragedy of the Perjured Bride,' 'The Bewitched Fiddler,' 'Baron Munchausen,' 'The Two Drovers,' 'The Countess of Essex,'—the last of which has furnished the plot of Mr. Tennyson's ballad of Lord Burleigh,—'Jack Horner,' 'St. George,' 'The Shepherdess of the Alps,' 'Sir Gawen and the Enchanted Castle,' 'The Cruel Baron of Normandine,' 'History of the Gentle Craft,' 'The Triumph of Love,' 'The Wonderful Adventures of Sixteen Seamen,' 'Baron Trenck,' 'The Wandering Jew,' 'The Cottage Wedding,' 'Roderick Random,' ✓ 'Don Quixote,' 'Dr. Faustus,' 'The King and the Cobbler,' 'The King and the Miller of Mainsfield,' 'Siege of Troy,' 'The Iron Shroud,' 'Constant Jenny and Nancy,' 'The Spectre Bridegroom,' 'The Maid and the Magpie,' 'The Old Woman and Her Silver Penny,' 'The Fairy and the Fish,' 'Tom the Piper's Son,' 'Tom Tucker,' 'The Butterfly's Ball,' 'John Gilpin,' 'Old Dame Trot,' 'Cock Robin,' 'The Little Old Woman and the Peddler,' 'Mother

Hubbard,' 'The House that Jack Built,' 'Goody Two Shoes,' 'The Misfortunes of Toby Tickle-Pitcher,' 'Duncan Campbell and His Dog Oscar,' 'Mansie Wauch,' 'The Broken Heart,' and 'The Village Curate.'

With the exception of *Blind Allan*, by Wilson, the *Two Drovers*, by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, *Mansie Wauch*, and *Duncan Campbell*, none of the above are distinctively Scottish, and are, besides, too well known to require criticism.

§ 9. (4). SUPERSTITIOUS.—This class is one of great interest and even historical importance, and, in the event of another edition, will be treated at length. The best known works that fall under this catalogue are:

'Visits to the World of Spirits,' 'Mother Bunch's Fortune-teller,' 'Napoleon's Book of Fate,' 'The Prophecies of Thomas a' Rhymer, Peden, Bede, Usher, Enoch, Dr. Donald, Bishop of Arles, Van Hasn, Nixon, Mrs. Shipton, Porter, Christopher Love, and Rev. Allan Logan, of Culross,' 'The Conjuror's Guide,' 'The Golden Dreamer,' 'The Spae-wife,' 'The Fortune-teller,' 'Satan's Invisible World Discovered,' 'The Laird of Coole's Ghost,' 'Sir R. Grierson of Lag,' 'The Magic Oracle,' 'The Royal Dreamer,' 'The Mole Interpreter,' 'Maggy Bell,' 'History of the Devil,' 'Judas Iscariot,' 'The Wandering Jew,' 'History of Dreams,'

'A Wonderful Trance,' 'Davis the Dream-interpreter.'

The foregoing, with the songs and ballads, comprise the main bulk of the chap-books which at one time or another have been widely circulated north of the Tweed. Of late years, a change has come over this sort of literature, by the wholesale introduction of a very low and very sensational type of fiction, in the shape of penny and twopenny novels. As these, however, do not fall within the scope of this work, and are, besides, of very recent date, an enumeration of the titles of a few, which have been issued by a Glasgow publisher, will suffice :

'The Rebel Spy, or The King's Volunteers;' a Romance of the Siege of Boston. 'The Renegade, or The Secrets of the Gulf Mill;' a Story of the Shores and Waters of Connecticut. 'The Vow of Revenge,' a Tale of Love and the Triumph of Innocence. 'The Mysterious Protector,' a Tale of Plot and Passion. 'The Gold Digger of California,' or The Mysterious Miner.' 'Julia St. Clair, or The Angel of the Wilderness.' 'The Stolen Beauty of the Rio Grande.' 'The Lovers' Trials, or The Bridal at Last.' 'Clara's Rescue, or Ned Wentworth's Vow.' 'The Rivals, or The Secret Shot.' 'Romance of The Texan Pampas, or The Hermit of the Colorado Hills.' 'The Gold Seeker's Daughter, or The

Dream Realized.' 'The Flight for Life, or Long Bill the Trapper.' 'The Treasure Cave, or The Buccaneer's Secret.' 'The Trial of the Redskins,' a Romance of The White Pine District; and 'Dick Raymonds Claim, or The King of the Borderman.'

§ 10. The history and authorship of the chap-books now fall to be discussed. It would, of course, be useless to attempt to trace such works as *Jack the Giant Killer*, and the long series of nursery tales, to their origin. To do so would require not a chapter but a volume, and it would be presumption to follow in the steps of so able and erudite an investigator as Mr. Thomas Keightly. All that can be done in this chapter is to take the works which are supposed to be, or actually are, of native origin and growth, and attempt to track them to their respective sources. Of these, the principal are comprised in the following list:

'George Buchanan,' 'Lothian Tom,' 'John Cheap,' 'Leper the Tailor,' 'John Falkirk,' 'Paddy from Cork,' 'Tom Tram,' 'Simple John,' ('Silly Tam'), 'The History of Buchaven,' 'Jockie and Maggie's Courtship,' 'The Coalman's Courtship,' 'Janet Clincker's Orations,' 'The History of the Haverel Wives,' 'The Wife of Beath,' 'Watty and Meg,' 'Thrammy

Cap,' 'The Goodwife and the Minister,' 'The Dominie Deposed,' 'The Magic Pill, or Davie and Bess,' 'The Pleasures of Matrimony,' 'A Diverting Courtship,' 'The Art of Courtship,' 'The Grand Solemnity of the Tailor's Funeral,' 'Alexander Hamwinkle,' 'Sir John Barleycorn,' 'Copy of a Letter from a Young Shepherd,' 'A Warning to the Methodist Preacher,' 'A Second Warning to the Methodist Preacher,' 'John Falkirk's Cariches,' 'Peter Pickup,' 'The Monk and the Miller's Wife,' 'The Long Pack,' 'My Uncle's Ghost,' 'Grierson of Lag,' 'The World of Invisible Spirits,' 'Habby Simpson,' and 'Mansie Wauch:' besides several slighter prose sketches, printed on broad-sheets.

By far the most important of these have been attributed to the pen of Dougal Graham, to whom reference has been already made, and who wrote most of his works between 1745 and 1779. The external evidence on the subject is somewhat conflicting and unsatisfactory, and is based on the following authorities:

1. William Motherwell, the poet ;
2. John McVean, the bibliopole of the High-street, and editor of McUre's 'History of Glasgow ;'
3. Doctor Strang, author of 'Glasgow and its Clubs ;'

to which might almost be added the late Mr. Alexander Strathern, for many years

sheriff-substitute in Glasgow, and well known in local circles for his antiquarian tastes.

1. William Motherwell, the poet, in his article on chap-books, in the *Paisley Magazine* for 1824, ascribes the following works, without hesitation, to Dougal Graham.

1. Jockie and Maggie, five parts, 1783.
2. Paddy from Cork, 1784.
3. Lothian Tom, six parts, 1793.
4. John Cheap, three parts, 1786.
5. John Falkirk, 1779.
6. John Falkirk's Cariches.
7. Janet Clinker's Orations.

The three last, he explains, were often printed together, the *Orations* being sometimes issued separately under the title of *Grannie McNab's Lectures to the Society of Clashing Wives, Glasgow, &c.*

8. Leper the Tailor, Part I. and II., 1779.
9. Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes.

As to the authorship of these nine, Motherwell speaks with perfect confidence, as of a well-established and universally admitted fact. He also adds, that he should not be surprised to learn that Graham was also the author of 'George Buchanan,' 'The Coalman's Courtship,' and 'The History of

Buchaven,' and challenges anyone to produce an edition of one or other of these works of a date prior to the era in which Graham flourished.

2. A foot-note to Dr. Strang's account of Dougal Graham contains the following :

"In a manuscript of the late Mr. McVean, the antiquarian bibliopole of the High street, we find the following list of the *Opera Dugaldi*, so far as he had met with them, keeping out of view his lyrical productions, which were very numerous :—

1. George Buchanan, six parts.
2. Paddy from Cork, three parts.
3. Leper the Tailor, two parts.
4. John Falkirk, the Merry Piper.
5. Janet Clinker's Oration on the Virtues of the Old and the Pride of Young Women.
6. John Falkirk's Curiosities (*sic*), five parts.
7. John Cheap the Chapman, three parts.
8. Lothian Tom, six parts.
9. The History of Buchaven, with cuts.
10. Jockie and Maggie's Courtship, five parts.
11. The Follower (*sic*) of Witless Women; or, the History of the Haverel Wives.
12. The Young Creelman's (*sic*) Courtship to a Creelwife's daughter, two parts.
13. Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes.
14. The Grand Solemnity of the Tailor's Funeral, who lay nine days in state on his own shop-board; together with his last will.

15. *The Remarkable Life and Transactions of Alexander Hamwinkle, Heckler, Dancing-master, and Ale-seller in Glasgow, now banished for coining.*
16. *The Dying Groans of Sir John Barleycorn, being his grievous complaint against the brewers of bad ale ; to which is added Donald Drouth's reply, with a large description of his Drunken Wife.*
17. *A Warning to the Methodist Preachers.*
18. *A Second Warning to the Methodist Preachers.*

3. *Dr. Strang's personal evidence is brief:*

"Of the vulgar literature to which we have referred, and of so much of which Dougal Graham was the author, it is enough to say that it constituted the chief literary pabulum enjoyed by the bulk of our countrymen in the humbler walks of life ; and though the jokes therein promulgated certainly were broad, and sometimes even grossly indecent, they were not untrue portraits of Scottish life and Scottish manners. By means of the numerous merchant peddlers who, in those days of bad roads and worse conveyances, perambulated the country, these cheap stories of Dougal Graham were introduced into every cottage where any of the dealers rested for a night, or were disposed of by them at any country fair which they might chance to visit ; hence the exploits of 'George Buchanan,' the histories of 'John Cheap the Chapman,' 'Leper the Tailor,' 'Lothian Tom,' 'Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes,' and such like, although all

saturated with indecency, formed the chief materials of the peasant's library; the which, notwithstanding all that has been said about the moral and religious character of the country people, proves how much the national humor and peculiarities of the humbler classes of the Scottish population were then, as we believe they still are considerably, imbued with coarseness and indelicacy."

4. The late Mr. Sheriff Strathern, in a paper read before the Glasgow Archæological Society, 6th April, 1863, writes as follows:

"It is difficult to give them in order of publication, but I have, at some little trouble, collected a few of the editions, and, as near as I can reach it, this is the order in which the works appeared. His earliest was 'The Whole Proceedings of Jockie and Maggie,' in five parts, published in 1783. The table of contents, and more so the book itself, are not for ears polite; although there is throughout a large share of rough jokes, pungent, coarse wit, and droll invective. This is one of Dugald's best productions, and has run through numerous editions. 'The Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork,' followed, and was printed for George Caldwell, Paisley, in 1784. Then 'The History and Comical Transactions of Lothian Tom' succeeded. But successful as this proved, it was eclipsed by the 'History of John Cheap the Chapman: containing above a hundred merry exploits done by him and his traveller Drouthy Tam, a Sticket Weaver.' 'The Comical and Witty Jokes of John Falkirk the

Merry Piper, when in courtship to an old fiddler's widow who wanted the teeth,' followed; and, as a sequel, Dugald afterwards issued 'The Scots Piper's Queries; or John Falkirk's caritches for the trial of dull wits and instruction of ignorant people.' But his greatest achievement was 'Fun upon Fun, or the Comical Tricks of Leper the Tailor;' which he announced as printed for the flying stationers in town and country. 'Janet Clinker's Oration on the Virtues of Old Women and the Pride of the Young' was published without date; and it was shortly followed by 'Grannie McNab's Lecture on the Society of Clashing Wives, (Glasgow); or Witless Mothers and Dandy Daughters who bring them up to hoodwink the men and deceive them with their braw dresses, when they can neither wash a sark, mak parritch, or gang to the well.' The last authentic production of Dugald's which I have ever seen was the 'Comical History of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes; giving a particular account of his courtship and marriage to a scolding wife, which has been a mortifying misery to many a poor man.' Fame has attributed some others to Dugald, such as: 'the Merry Exploits of George Buchanan,' the 'Creelman's Courtship,' and the 'History of Buckhaven, containing the witty and entertaining exploits of Wise Willie and Witty Eppy;' but I have seen the authority of these controverted."

The above exhausts the external evidence on the point: there still remains the internal evidence, that is, the testimony furnish-

ed by the works themselves, which is extremely meagre. In the preface to an early edition of *John Falkirk's Cariches*—*John Falkirk* being a nickname sometimes applied to Graham—*Falkirk*, the witty Scot's Piper, is reported to have written "many small tracts, and the following curious and diverting pieces are said to be of his composition, viz. : *The History of John Cheap the Chapman, The History of the Haverel Wives, Janet Clinker's Orations, John Falkirk's Witty Jokes, Jockie and Maggie's Courtship, The Proverbs of the Pride of Women, History of Lothian Tom*, with many others, which are well known in Scotland, England, and Ireland."

From the above it will be seen that the only two authorities deserving attention are Motherwell and McVean. Dr. Strang seems to have copied the accounts of Graham given by these two writers, and Mr. Sheriff Strathern confined himself to reproducing Strang and Motherwell; the list of editions which he "collected at some little trouble" being all but identical with the Paisley poet's. The value of the

evidence of the introductory to *John Falkirk's Cariches* is merely traditional, the preface having been written after Graham's death. Neither is Mr. McVean's list quite satisfactory; and at least three of the titles are incorrectly given: *John Falkirk's Cariches* being transformed into *Curiosities*; *The Follies of Witless Women* into *The Follower of Witless Women*; and *The Young Coalman's Courtship* into the *Young Creelman's Courtship*. These mistakes, of course, may have resulted from the carelessness of the person who copied Mr. McVean's list; at any rate, their presence is unsatisfactory. But these are venial slips compared with the insertion in the list, without a word of explanation, of *George Buchanan, The History of Buchaven,* and *Simple John*. Judging from internal evidence, it is extremely improbable that Graham ever composed the two first of these, and it is absolutely certain that he did not write the last. The original hero of the 'Misfortunes' is *Simple Simon*; a history of whose life and misadventures was common in England in the seventeenth cen-

tury. This, or a similar version—most likely one of the many editions issued from Newcastle—Graham most certainly stole, and, having changed the hero's name to *John*, and written a racy introduction to the work in board Scotch, gave it to the world as an original production. The prefatory matter is quite in Graham's style, and could not have been written by an Englishman. It is frequently to be found published separately under the title of *Silly Tam*. As to *George Buchanan* and *Buchaven*, they may have been sold to the publishers by Dougal as his own composition; but there is not a single sentence in either of them that might not have been written by any one else; and most of the incidents narrated were to be found in the facetiæ of almost every country in Europe ages before Graham carried a pack or rang the skellat bell of Glasgow. Remarks of a like nature apply, also, to *Paddy from Cork*, although this is less of a compilation, and has more local colouring than the three already named. There still remains for consideration the article by William Motherwell,

which, although conspicuously inaccurate in certain details, furnishes quite the best evidence now existing on the subject; only one change being necessary to make his list, so far as it goes, correct—namely, the substitution of *Coalman's Courtship* and *Silly Tam*, for *Paddy from Cork* and *Simple John*. Motherwell merely hazards a guess that the *Coalman* is one of Graham's progeny; but no competent judge, or expert in style, who compares that work with *Jockie and Maggie* and *Janet Clinker's Orations*, can reasonably doubt that to Graham, and to Graham alone, belongs the credit of the composition. The following lists include as many of Graham's works as are either known or supposed to be his:

1. *The Works of Dougal Graham.*

1. The Metrical History of the Rebellion of 1745–6.
2. *Jockie and Maggie*, five parts.
3. *Lothian Tom*, six parts.
4. *John Cheap*, three parts.
- ✓—5. *Janet Clinker's Orations, or Grannie McNab's Lectures.*
6. *Leper the Tailor*, two parts.
7. *The Grand Solemnity of the Tailor's Funeral*,
(probably part three of *Leper the Tailor*).

8. The Coalman's Courtship.
9. Simple Tam, *alias* Simple John, (being the introduction to the Twelve Misfortunes).
10. Turnamspike.
11. John Hielandman.
12. Proverbs on the Pride of Women.
13. The History of the Haverel Wives.

.2 Works Probably Written by Graham.

14. Verses entitled 'Dugald McTaggart.'
15. Verses on the Popular Superstitions of Scotland.
16. Rhythmical Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil.
17. An Epitaph on the Third Commandment.
18. The Remarkable Life and Transactions of Alexander Hamwinkle.
19. A Warning to the Methodist Preachers.
20. A Second Warning to the Methodist Preachers.

3. Works Compiled or Edited by Graham.

21. Paddy from Cork, three parts.
22. Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes, (partly included in No. 9).
23. John Falkirk.
24. John Falkirk's Cariches.

4. Works Attributed to Graham.

25. The Dying Groans of Sir John Barleycorn.
26. The History of Buchaven.
27. Verses on the Pride of Women.

Of the remaining chap-books,—with the exception of *Watty and Meg*, *The Pleasures of Matrimony*, *Blind Allan*, *Mansie Wauch*, *The Dominie Deposed*, *The Monk and the Miller's Wife*, *Satan's Invisible World of Spirits* and the *Tinklarian Tracts*,—almost nothing is known as to their authorship. Even of Graham's productions it is impossible to ascertain the exact order of publication. Motherwell's list is almost our only guide, and except Part II. of *Leper the Tailor*, none of the editions mentioned by him were the original. This only can be said, that they were all issued as nearly as possible between 1745 and 1779, and they contribute the most important and characteristic portion of the popular literature of Scotland. Yet, in spite of their good points, their genuine humour, their historical worth, and the fact that for more than half a century they were the most popular and almost the sole literary entertainment of the humbler ranks in Scotland, and latterly in the north of England and parts of Ireland, there is, perhaps, not one in a thousand, even of Scotch-

men, who has ever thought to inquire after their history, or the life and character of their author.

So far back as 1824, Motherwell could write: "There is not a peddler who traverses broad Scotland with a pack on his back and an ell-wand in his hand, but in all likelihood disposes of some of Dougal Graham's works at every cottage he rests in for the night, or at every country fair he visits in the course of his peregrinations. When he retails the adventures of *John Cheap the Chapman*, *Leper the Tailor*, *John Falkirk's Cariches*, *Granny McNab's Lectures to Clashing Wives and Witless Daughters*, *Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes*, every one enough to break the heart of a giant,—or the whole proceedings of *Jockie and Maggie's Courtship*,—does he bestow one thought on their humorous author?" The peddler still exists, though shorn of his old importance and dignity, and at remote country fairs the curious may even now pick up a stray copy of *Leper the Tailor* or *Lothian Tom*, but to the great bulk of the community these

redoubtable heroes are quite unknown, while the very name of the once 'skellat bellman' of Glasgow, who wrote so many of these once famous histories, has clean passed from the mind of all save a few local antiquarians. This should not be so; and from the scanty records of Dougal Graham's history that survive, in tradition and printed,—but comparatively inaccessible writings,—the meagre but reliable sketch that follows in Chapter third has been composed.

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Scientific Club House

THE SCIENTIFIC CLUB

1873



NEW YORK:

HENRI H. TUNTON, PUBLISHER, 145 N. 3RD ST.

1873.

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v. 2

SCOTTISH CHAP-BOOKS.

BY

JOHN FRASER.

PART II.



NEW YORK:

HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER, 744 BROADWAY.

1873.







THE
HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS
OF
SCOTLAND.

BY
JOHN FRASER.

PART II.

NEW YORK:
HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER, 744 BROADWAY.
GLASGOW:
JAMES HADDEN, 65A SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

24

TO
THE READER.

If thou dost care, with me for guide,
A little while to turn aside,
From present times and modern books,
To old and unremembered nooks
In Scottish history,—list, the while
An idle hour I strive to wile
With pictures of an age long flown,
When George the First was on the throne ;
Ere steam was used, or car was seen,
And folk got wed at Gretna Green ;
When chapmen plied a thriving trade
In news and laces, well displayed ;
And made their rounds from door to door,
Retailing all the local lore,
The simple gossip of the times,
With snatches of forgotten rhymes ;
And told in ready prose or verse
The tales I afterwards rehearse,—
Rude-fashioned tales—of which, I fear,
Some may offend a modern ear,—
But racy of the soil, and rich
In pawky humour, and in traits
Of Scottish character and ways,
That well deserve historic niche.
Of these, and more, I fain would tell,
But most of him who 'bore the bell ;

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Though all unknown he be to fame,
The "skellat bellman," Dougal Graham,
Who wrote the tales I now relate,
And sang the Stuart's hapless fate.
Coarse though he was, in language rude,
He strove to work his country good ;
Brought fact and fiction both to light,
That but for him had perished quite ;
Embalmed the manners of his age
In many a coarse but graphic page ;
And showed,—what better pens pass by,—
How poor folk live and love and die.
Now, when his fame is all forgot,
And even Scotchmen name him not,
With faltering voice your leave, I crave,
To lay this chaplet on his grave.

THE AUTHOR.

31 *Madison Avenue, New York,* }
 May 1st, 1874. }

*Dougal Graham
or John Falkirk (1724-*

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DOUGAL GRAHAM, THE GREAT CHAP-WRITER.

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| <p>§ 1. <i>His birthplace, parentage, and childhood.</i></p> <p>§ 2. <i>The '45.— Dougal declares for Charlie, but maintains a politic neutrality. — He escapes from Drummossie Muir, and writes his famous history.</i></p> <p>§ 3. <i>Metrical history of the Rebellion of 1745-46, by Dougal Graham.—Excessive rarity of the two first editions.</i></p> <p>§ 4. <i>Third edition of Graham's History.— Its literary and historical qualities.— Illustrative quotations.</i></p> | <p>§ 5. <i>Dougal settles in Glasgow.—He lays down the ell-wand, and takes up the pen.</i></p> <p>§ 6. <i>The Glasgow 'bellman' in the olden time. Dougal, after a fierce struggle, is appointed the 'Skellat-bellman o' Glasgow.'</i></p> <p>§ 7. <i>Dougal's writings.</i></p> <p>§ 8. <i>His death and elegy.</i></p> <p>§ 9. <i>His minor poetical effusions. "John Highlandman's remarks on Glasgow."—"Turn-amspike."</i></p> <p>§ 10. <i>His personal character.</i></p> <p>§ 11. <i>Dougal as a humorist.</i></p> |
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§ 1. DOUGAL GRAHAM, sometimes called 'John Falkirk' or 'the Scot's piper,' was born at Raploch, in Stirlingshire, in or about the year 1724. His parents were so poor as to be unable to send him to school, and Dougal was forced to trust pretty much to chance for his instruction. Of his early history, as in the case of many greater men, nothing is known; but it was almost certainly one of trials and hardship. To judge from his appearance in after years, Dougal must have

been a queer, grotesque-looking urchin,—hunch-backed, lame, wizzened, and old beyond his years. A curious chapter might be written on the reflex influence of mind and body, in cases where pre-eminent talent or genius is accompanied by physical deformity. Poor Graham's life is a case in point. As will be presently established, he possessed a large share of genuine talent, closely approximating to genius; and it is more than likely that, in childhood, the contemptuous pity and rude unfeeling taunts of his relatives and companions, with reference to his stunted and abnormal growth, tended to sharpen and embitter his quick and restless mind. At any rate, Dougal's lines did not fall in the most pleasant places. When other children were sporting in the sunshine and nest-hunting through the woods, the youthful Æsop was compelled to labour for a living. Unapprenticed to any special trade—his parents being too poor or too indifferent to undertake the necessary trouble and expense—he had to turn his hand to any odd job that came up, from running for water to the well, to herd-

ing cattle. How long he remained at Raploch it is impossible to say. In the preface to his history of the Rebellion, he informs his readers, that the work had been

“Composed by the poet Dougal Graham;
In Stirlingshire he lives at hame.”

The probability is that, during the first twenty or thirty years of his life, having no fixed trade or residence, he made his father's house his headquarters, from which to migrate to the various places, where he succeeded in obtaining employment. The next glimpse we get of him is in the character of farm servant, and general man-of-all-work, with a small farmer in Campsie, a village in the neighbourhood, of Glasgow. So late as 1811, strangers were shown the traces of a turf cottage, on the side of the hill above the old place, which were said to be the remains of the house in which Dougal for some time lived. His natural disposition, and his inability to follow any definite occupation, combined with that restless activity and curiosity so frequently characteristic of sharp wits, soon caused him to turn pedlar or chapman, in which humble but useful

capacity he perambulated the counties of Stirling and Lanark; in most of the hamlets and farm-steadings of which, his shambling, one-sided, sturdy little figure was a familiar and welcome object. To this general popularity Dougal's manner, which well-fitted him for a successful salesman, mainly contributed, for

“Of witty jokes he had good store,
Johnson could not have pleased you more,
Or with loud laughter made you roar
As he could do.
He had still something ne'er before
Exposed to view.”

This eulogium, being from his epitaph, might be regarded with suspicion, were it not confirmed by other evidence. It was during this period of his life that he became so intimate with the private life and ways of the humble classes, and picked up the vast fund of jest and story which he subsequently worked up into his connected and humorous narratives. In what glorious bouts did not Dougal engage, what time, his pocket being not quite empty, he fell in with that witty rogne *John Cheap, the Chapman*, or his friend *Lothian Tom*, or the wandering

quack-doctor, and the four drouthy originals foregathered together in the first change-house, therein to tell stories and sing songs, and drink strong ale until they had only fourpence-halfpenny left between them, and they were all hopelessly, helplessly, mortally drunk! Yet were these spiritual engagements not without their attractions, for each of the four adventurers was full of the latest gossip, political and social, of the district from which he had last come; and Dougal, with his pungent sarcasm, broad wit, grotesque humour, and mad verses, was a veritable Falstaff and Joe Miller combined—for, are we not told that he was

“ The wittiest fellow in his time,
Either for prose or making rhyme ? ”

All the world is familiar with the famous '45, and the gallant, but fruitless and misguided efforts of Prince Charles Stuart to recover the throne of his grandfather. To the standard of the young Prince flocked not a few of Scotland's noblest, with a vast rabble of men and women who were certainly not noble, being attracted to the camp or the battle-field much in the same way as ravens

are attracted by the presence of carrion. Among these brave, and mercenary followers of a forlorn hope, limped the restless little pedlar, whose strong Jacobite predilections and wish to turn an honest penny—characteristic surely, and much to be admired in a poetical chapman—had caused him to leave Glasgow early in 1745, to follow the misfortunes of the belligerents. It would be interesting to follow Dougal's martial achievements; his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach; his heroic conduct in saving the life of Prince Charles, and cleaving the rascally Hanoverian assailant to the chin; but it must be confessed Dougal did none of these things, his position having been a much humbler and less heroic one than that of soldier. If popular tradition is to be relied on, he was only a camp follower; though *which* camp, it might have puzzled Dougal himself to say. He appears to have paid court indifferently to either side, with a leaning towards the Jacobites, particularly when fortune seemed to smile upon them, and sold his wares with philosophic impartiality to

all comers who could pay for them. The late Mr. McVean thought there was not sufficient evidence for believing that Dougal was actively engaged in the rebellion, basing his doubts on the opinion of an old man and his acquaintances, who had known Dougal well, and who believed that the latter was merely a follower of the army, and had carried a pack of small wares.

In any case, it is clear from Dougal's own statement, that he was a privileged person, and an eye-witness of the excesses of both armies.

"*I've seen* the men call'd Highland rogues,
With Lowland men make *shange* a brogs,
Sup kail and brose, and fling the cogs
Out at the door ;
Take cocks, hens, sheep and hogs,
And pay nought for.

*I see'd a Highlander, 'twas right drole,
With a string o' puddings hung on a pole,
Whipp'd o'er his shoulder, skipp'd like a sole,
 Caused Maggy bann,
L'ap o'er the midden and midden-hole,
 And off he ran.*

* * * * *

*I see'd the soldiers at Linton Brig,
Because the man was not a Whig.*

Of meat and drink, leave not a skig
Within his door.
They burnt his very hat and wig,
And thump't him sore."

He also saw them murdering in cold blood at Preston and Falkirk, and in the preface to his history affirms that he had been an eye-witness to most of the movements of the armies, from the first crossing by the rebels of the Ford of Frew to their final defeat at Culloden. At times, too, when compelled, Dougal probably lent a hand in the packing and removal of the war luggage and *impedimenta*, and perhaps, on a rare occasion, tackled some diminutive combatant who had straggled from the main body and showed signs of the white feather; but it must be borne in mind that his deformities unfitted him for the *role* of Ivanhoe or Cœur-de-Lion, and that political inconsistency is not confined to pedlars. From the 13th of September, 1745, when the rebels first crossed the ford of Frew near Doune, until that bright April morn, in the following year, when the Stuart cause went down forever amid smoke and flame on the fatal field of Culloden, Dougal

was a constant and careful spectator of the course of events.

These experiences he turned to immediate and profitable account. From the disastrous field of Drummossie Muir he escaped with all speed, and no little difficulty, to Glasgow, where he at once set to work to prepare a metrical account of the rebellion, in which he had played a somewhat subordinate part. That Dougal lost no time in the composition of his work is evidenced by the fact that the history was in the printer's hands early in the Autumn of 1746, and was published in September of the same year, as witness the original advertisement in the Glasgow *Courant* of the 29th of that month :

NOTICE.—There is to be sold by James Duncan, Printer, in Glasgow, in the Saltmercat, the second shop below Gibson's Wynd, a Book entitled, " A full and particular account of the late rebellion, in the years 1745 and 1746, beginning with the Pretender's embarking for Scotland, and then an account of every Battle, Siege, or Skirmish that has happened in either Scotland or England, to which is added several addresses and epistles to the Pope, Pagans, Poets, and Pretender, all in metre ;" price fourpence. But any booksellers or packmen may have them easier from the said James Duncan, or the author, D. Graham. The like has not been done since the days of David Lindsay.

The history proved a success, the advertisement showing that the author contemplated a peripatetic sale, and invited packmen to purchase on easier terms than those advertised; and since then innumerable editions have been issued from the Falkirk, Stirling, Paisley, Aberdeen and Glasgow presses. Of these it would be almost impossible to furnish a list, but the following notes will indicate the popularity of the work. In 1752 appeared a second edition (Glasgow); in 1774 a third; in 1787 a fifth (Glasgow); in 1803 a seventh (Glasgow); in 1808 an eighth (Glasgow); in 1812 a ninth (Falkirk); and in 1828 the twentieth. The latest was published some twenty years ago, by Mr. Murdoch, an Aberdeen publisher, at sixpence a copy. A peculiar interest attaches to the two first editions, owing to their excessive rarity, and the fact that they differ materially from all later versions.

Of this difference and its cause there are two accounts. According to one of these, Dougal was a devoted loyalist, and wrote the history originally from a Hanoverian

point of view. By the time a third edition was called for, however, the author's views had changed, and he greatly softened, and curtailed many passages in the earlier editions, which had reflected strongly on the Jacobites and Highlanders. Mr. Peter McKenzie, in his *Old Reminiscences of Glasgow and the West of Scotland*, affirms that "Dougal, the bellman, who held considerable sway in the city at that memorable date (1745) was a devoted loyalist and admirer of 'Great George our King.'" But this statement is inaccurate on the face of it, and is probably a loose and distorted recollection of some tradition which had been told Mr. McKenzie. This suspicion is confirmed by a blunder into which that writer falls a few lines farther on (p. 152) in confounding Dougal Graham with 'Bell Geordie,' and making the former a man of eighty years of age in 1790, when he had been in his grave eleven years. More definite, but hardly more conclusive, is the evidence of Mr. McVean. "The History of the Rebellion," he writes, "published by Dougal in 1752,

differs very much from the third edition, published in 1774. This last *appears* to have been greatly altered and enlarged, and many curious passages in the earlier *edition* are suppressed in this. In 1752 Dougal talks of the rebels with a great deal of virulence; in 1774 he softens his tone, and occasionally introduces apologies for their conduct." It will be observed here that Mr. McVean's statements are not based on personal knowledge and examination of the two editions, of the last of which he says that, 'It *appears* to have been altered and enlarged.' But there is another point which throws doubt on the accuracy of the passage, viz.: the strange omission to notice the first, and therefore the principal edition of the history, which was published in 1746—six years previous to the earliest version with which Mr. McVean seems to have been acquainted. In comparing the third edition with the original text, Mr. McVean says that 'many curious passages in the earlier *edition* are suppressed in this.' Why not *editions*, when there were two of them?

The second account is the more popular,

and likely to be true, although, in the absence of the two first editions, it is impossible to decide either way. According to this theory, Dougal was at heart an adherent of the Pretender, and when he returned to Glasgow, after the battle of Culloden, to resume his peddling, and to write his history, his Jacobite enthusiasm had in no way cooled.

Unlike many men more celebrated, whose figures bulk largely in history, Dougal did not allow misfortunes and disgrace to cool the fervor of his political convictions. In the confusion and turmoil of a campaign, where a man's creed is so often called in question, to the manifest danger of his head, it was but natural that he should exercise a little diplomacy in his dealings with hot-headed belligerents. But, to his honour, be it said, when clear of the smoke and perils of warfare, and safe at home in dear old St. Mungo, he stood up stoutly for the fallen cause, and infused an amount of Jacobitic ardor into his metrical productions that must have led many of his readers to regard him in the light of one of the most renowned paladins of the late Stuart Court. So far,

so good; but alas! for the stability of human principles, a few years later the office, vacant, of bellman to the city of Glasgow fell and as the Magistrates, being stout Protestants and strong Hanoverians, looked with suspicion, amounting even to positive disgust, on the supporters of Prince Charles, Dougal thought it prudent to sacrifice, to some extent, his political convictions to the honours of place. So he foreswore the Pretender, at least in public; revised his famous history, by the newer and truer light of a more liberal interpretation of events; and was appointed to the vacant office. Dr. Strang, referring to Graham's experiences in the campaign, remarks. "In this neutral situation (of suttler) he could act on either side, and it is credibly believed he did so; for, while his after circumstances in life forced him to declare himself boldly on the side of the high Protestant party of Glasgow, it is more than hinted that he had, in the outset of his career, exhibited a strong desire for Prince Charlie's success." George Caldwell, the well-known Paisley publisher, for whom Dougal wrote so many of his

tracts, informed Motherwell that Graham had great difficulty in obtaining the bell-manship, owing to the magistrates having an ill-brew against Jacobites and Highlanders; and more than hints that Dougal had been actually in the service of the Pretender.

This theory is also supported by local tradition, though that does not go for much, and by the internal evidence of the third edition, and the whole circumstances of Dougal's life. Whether the two first editions were Jacobite or Hanoverian, there is undoubtedly a strong leaning to the former side in all subsequent versions, which have a wonderfully strong look of having been written by an ardent well-wisher of the Stuarts, who was yet compelled from policy or fear to veil his love. As to the occasional explosions against Highlanders, these on the whole are good-natured and humorous; and it must be borne in mind that the kilted natives of the North were held in deep and general aversion by their brethren of the South, during the greater part of last century. The second edition was probably identical in substance with the first, but longer,

owing to the narrative being brought down to a more recent date. As the original was published in September, 1746, it could not treat of events that took place in the two following months, and even years, and which are recorded in the third, and probably, though with less fullness, in the second edition, which followed the first after an interval of six years. Events have been anticipated in order to show why the two first editions of Graham's history differ from later versions, and possess a distinct historical interest of their own. Unfortunately, it is now all but impossible to get a sight of the original text. Local antiquarians have applied to every imaginable quarter, and spent months in exploring out-of-the-way nooks, provincial book-stalls, and dust-covered shelves in country libraries, but without success. The Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, and that of Glasgow University, contain only the eighth edition, which is perhaps the best known and most common of all. Yet, at least a few copies of the original history *must* be hidden somewhere. So late as 1830, the author of 'Waverley'

had one in his possession, a facsimile of which he intended to publish, with the view of presenting it to the Maitland Club, but sickness intervened to derange his plans, and two years later, death stepped in and snatched the pen from the great magician. It is not yet too late, of course, to hope for the recovery of the book, in which there were surely many good points, when so shrewd a judge as Scott meant to publish it, saying, that "it contained some traits and circumstances of manner worth preserving." The fortunate person who succeeds in laying his hands on it may well exclaim with Thomas Hearne, when he happened on an old MS., "O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy Providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy Providence, and one act yesterday, when *I unexpectedly met with these old MSS.*, for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his

sake." It is not improbable, however, that the revised copy of the history differs but slightly from the original. Occasional passages, with a strong Jacobite tinge, would be modified, and perhaps, here and there, a line or two deleted, but the two versions are very likely the same in substance.

§ 4. The third edition consists of 5,376 lines, 189 pages, in Hudibrastic metre, arranged in 15 chapters, followed by three short miscellaneous pieces. Fronting the title page is the full length wood cut, representing the author, which is reproduced in our frontispiece, and the title runs as follows: "An Impartial History of the Rise, Progress, and Extinction of the late Rebellion in Britain, in the years 1745 and 1746, giving an Account of every Battle, Skirmish, and Siege, from the time of the Pretender's coming out of France until he landed in France again, with Plans of the Battles of Prestonpans, Clifton, Falkirk, and Culloden, together with a Description of the Dangers and Travels of the Pretender through the Highland Isles, after the Break

at Culloden. By D. Graham. The third edition, with amendments. Glasgow: Printed by John Robertson, MDCCLXXIV." Campbell, in his history of Scottish poetry, dismisses Graham with contemptuous brevity, and in a manner that shows how little he knew of the history of the work. "In 1787, *An Impartial History of the Rebellion in Britain in the years 1745 and 1746*, by Douglas Graham, (fifth edition) was printed, at Glasgow, by John Robertson. This history is in a Hudibrastic metre. This is a sorry performance." This notice, though brief, contains two mis-statements in point of fact, and if the critic's own more elaborate compilation were criticised with equal uncharitableness, the verdict would not, perhaps, be much less severe. Dougal Graham was certainly no poet, but his account, though generally ungrammatical, and never rising into poetry, is written in an easy, and, at times, vigorous and graphic style. It possesses, besides, a certain historical value of its own, as containing many curious particulars, not elsewhere reported, based in a large measure, on the personal experi-

ences of a sensible, quick-witted, intelligent observer of many of the principal incidents, in one of the most romantic passages in history. The verses, rude as they are, are lighted up by an admirable *naïveté* and humour, all the more delightful from their frequent unconsciousness. Many examples might be given, but the following may suffice. Writing of the Highland rebels, the historian says :

“ As hunger will make men to steal,
Forsooth they took both brose and kail,
And when refresh'd they march'd away,
Yet some indeed forgot to pay.”

Again, there is a certain grim humour in the lines about the defeated royalists at Prestonpans :

“ Altho' they did for quarter cry,
The vulgar clans made this reply,
Quarter ! yon curs't soldier's mad,
It is o'er soon to go to bed.”

Much in the same strain is the lament of the hungry English soldier, when trudging wearily over bad roads along with the Pretender's troops in their disastrous retreat from England :

“ Woe worth the Scots, for they can feed
On drinking water and eating bread ;

Their irony soles do never tire
 On stony ground, or dub or mire ;
 Beef or pudding they never mind,
 Them Scots can leave (live) on *snuffing* wind.
 For me, my belly clings to my back,
 Since I have joined this hellish pack.
 If in this state all soldiers be,
 The devil be soldier again for me."

The Highland 'Vicars of Bray' are neatly rapped across the knuckles in the verse :

"And when Duke William gain'd the day,
 It was for him, they then did say ;
 But if Charles had chanc'd to prevail,
Some think they'd told another tale."

This is deliciously Scotch. The next two extracts are given with some hesitation, as it is doubtful whether they should be interpreted in a serious, or half comical, half sarcastic light. The rebels besieged Fort Augustus with great vigor, but all their artillery, including a *great* twelve-pounder, made comparatively little impression :

"Except (that) the cohorns and other bombs,
 Broke some roofs, beat down two *tums* ;
 Three men, indeed, they did disable,
 And killed a poor horse in a stable."

Maddened by this unaccountable want of success, the assailants redoubled their exertions,

"And in a rage, before they tir'd,
 Near two hundred royal were fired,

And sixteen cannons, 'gainst the fort,
 As afterwards they did report ;
 Yet did no harm was worth a fig,
But a poor soldier lost his leg."

Under the same category of half unconscious humour, fall the three which follow. Conspicuous amid the plunder seized by the royal troops at the battle of Culloden was :

" — the baggage and military chest,
 (Its contents did of naught consist)."

The next might furnish a subject for the weird pencil of Gustave Dore :

" Soon after this the siege gave o'er,
 The cannons all off carriage driven,
 And trenches with the rocks made even ;
 Then to all those who went to see,
 Like a potato field it seemed to be ;
 Many dead bodies in't were found,
While noses sticking thro' the ground."

Prince Charles having escaped to France, was commanded by the French King to quit that country, and, refusing to leave, was imprisoned. This was a little too much even for Stewart obstinacy, so

" Finding that it must be so,
 He freely did consent to go."

Many of the similes, again, remind one of the early masters in their intense simplicity. Thus Charles wondered,

" That Hawley was turned such a cow,
 As flee when none was to pursue."

The wretches, who crawled like ghouls
over the field of battle to plunder, and rob,
and kill, are reproved with amusing—one
might almost fancy sympathetic—mildness.

“ With durks and skians they fell a-sticking,
For which they well deserv’d a kicking.”

Of a large fort that was erected to defend
Fort William, we are told,

“ Dunghill-like, on a rock ’twas laid,
In form of a potato bed.”

Not less humorous is Flora MacDonald’s
heroic resolution on behalf of Charlie, when
she

“ Vow’d by all was dear within her,
She’d him relieve if they should skin her.”

Or the description of the parting of the
Prince and Lochiel :

“ They wept, they kiss’d, and off he goes,
While drops of blood fell from his nose.”

Or the naive confession of Charles’ faithful
follower, the brave Sullivan, in justification
of his somewhat hasty flight :

“ For ’s life was preciouser to him
Than all the Princes in Christendom.”

Or our author’s contemptuous estimate of
certain foreigners,

“ Three companies of Guise’s therein,
’Gainst Highland fury not worth a pin.”

For really strong and graphic description, the accounts of the fording of the Esk and the Spey, the march of Gordon's troops South from Aberdeen, the battle of Falkirk Muir, the feet-washing by the fugitive Prince, and the minute and Hoggarthian picture of the Hessians, are well worth being studied; and once read are not easily forgotten.

§ 5. But, to return, Dougal went back to Glasgow in the summer of 1746, to resume his peddling, and write his history. In 1752 he styles himself 'Dougal Graham, merchant,'—'merchant' being then used as a synonym for pedlar, and not in the large and important modern acceptation of the term. A rhyming merchant could not expect to be rich, and Dougal says :

"You Papists are a cursed race,
And this I tell you to your face;
And your images of gold so fine
Their curses come on me and mine.
Likewise themselves at any rate,
For money now is ill to get.
I have run my money to an en',
And have nouthier (*sic*) paper nor pen
To write thir lines the way you see me,
And there's none for to supplie me."

For some time Dougal seems to have combined the two functions of hawker and author, in which character he wrote and sold his *Magnum Opus*, and many of his earlier popular penny histories. At this time, hawking was a profession, not a trade. The fewness and badness of the roads, the rarity of even the rudest kind of conveyance, the non-existence of a cheap post, and the great distance of country hamlets from any market place or town, rendered the chapman or pedlar a necessity of everyday life. Hence—if a genial, witty, gossiping fellow, who could entertain the good-wife with all the latest news and ‘clish-ma-claver’ of the country side, at the same time that he disposed of his wares—*John Cheap* was a welcome and important personage at every fire-side. Many of his tribe made large fortunes, and founded what are now among the houses of Glasgow’s Merchant Princes.

John Cheap himself, according to his biographer, ‘turned chapman, when very young, in hopes of being rich when he became old;’ and Sir Walter Scott, in his *Kenilworth*, describes the trade as one of consid-

erable importance. A pedlar, who arrived at the dignity of travelling with a pack-horse, was indeed a person of no small consequence, and of equal social position with the most substantial yeoman or franklin whom he might meet in his wanderings. Between the riding and the walking packman there was all the difference that now exists between the large wholesale merchant and the petty dealer in small wares—a distinction which is well brought out in the concluding episode of *Lothian Tom's* experiences, where the country damsel expresses her contempt for him as a mere walking bagman, and not a pack-horse merchant.

Dougal, therefore, must not be looked down upon by fastidious moderns because he carried a pack. Does not Mr. Ruskin sell his own works, and was not the blind old bard of Chios a peripatetic vendor of ballads? But the witty packman had a soul above buttons and small wares. As his productions began to grow in popular favour, their author began, doubtless, to think that it became not the dignity of an historian to mete out tape with a vulgar ell-wand. So,

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at length, he threw off the pack forever, in order to devote himself to higher pursuits. In the neighbourhood of the Saltmarket he set up a small press, and composed and printed a great variety of popular works in prose and verse, including the famous *Turnimspike*, *John Hielandman*, and the *Courtship of Jockey and Maggy*. His success was such that the native publishers began to give him commissions, and he turned out a large amount of work for the Saltmarket press, and that of Paisley, Stirling, Falkirk, and Kilmarnock. He was most largely employed, perhaps, by Mr. George Caldwell, already mentioned, whose name appears on the title-pages of a large number of the early editions of Dougal's works. On the 14th of June, 1764, the following advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Journal* :

Notice.—Whereas, Jean Stark, spouse to Dougal Graham, ale seller, above the Cross, Glasgow, has parted from her husband, he thinks it proper to inform the public that she be inhibit by him from contracting debt in his name, or yet receiving any debt due to him, after this present day.

It is doubtful if the Dougal Graham here named is the Dougal Graham of history,

though there are traditions to the effect that, at one time of his career, Dougal had some connection with the spirit trade. In one sense, he was always a large dealer in spirits, but it is not so certain that he was actually a publican. His marriage is more doubtful still, not because in itself unlikely, but from the absence of all evidence or tradition on the point. If he did marry Jean Stark, it was quite natural that his spouse and himself should quarrel. Great men, from Job and Socrates to Byron and Shelley, have been proverbially unfortunate in their wives, and it is not to be supposed that Dougal was an exception to the rule. In the absence of other evidence on the point, however, it will be safer to conclude that the advertisement above quoted did not refer to *the* Dougal Graham, but to an unfortunate namesake, whose domestic relations were not as happy as they might have been. The probability is that Dougal continued to write and print until sometime about the year 1772 or 1773, when the office of city bellman fell vacant. The precise date of this event has not been ascer-

tained. Mr. McVean calculates that it could not have been earlier than 1770, as an old gentleman of his acquaintance remembered no fewer than four individuals, all of whom held the office before Dougal, and after the year 1764. Now, if this be so, it is not likely that there were four different bellmen in as many years, and it will be within the mark to fix the date of Dougal's appointment, at least, not sooner than 1772.

§ 6. Previous to the year 1780 the office was of great importance, compared to what it became in later years, when the introduction of handbills, advertisements, and daily papers, led to its gradual decay and final abolition. When yet stage-coaches were the exception, it was the custom to send the bellman through the city to proclaim the arrival of the various mails; and things of the most trifling nature were made publicly known by the same medium. The post was, consequently, no sinecure, being, moreover, one of considerable honour. It was the bellman's duty, in the first place, to ring the 'skellat' bell, (in itself an article of prodigious antiquity, which had been handed

down through countless generations) and in the next place, he had to attend all meetings or councils, bell in hand, and arrayed in gorgeous scarlet livery, resembling that worn by the trumpeters, who herald the arrival of the Lords of Justiciary at the Assizes. For the performance of these duties the *incumbent* received £10 a year, besides many valuable perquisites. Thus, for the announcement of every movement of importance he received one silver sixpence, paid down to him in his 'loof;' for each sale on a magisterial warrant, one shilling; and when the herring boats came in on the 4th of June, the King's birthday, with fish from the Gareloch, the bellman reaped a rich harvest of sixpences and shillings, for announcing the arrival of the "brave caller herrings," the first string of which he had to carry to His Honour the Water Bailie. It was of importance, therefore, that the person elected to so onerous an office, should have a clear, sonorous voice, and a retentive memory, to ensure which the appointment was decided by a public competitive examination. The place usually set apart for

this trial of skill, which was held in presence of the civil authorities, was the court behind the old Town's Hospital, near the Clyde, and the thesis given out to the competitors was not unfrequently the announcement of the arrival of the herring at the Broomielaw. In 1772, owing to various causes, the struggle for the place was keener than usual, and the introduction of various personal and political considerations, helped not a little to embitter the contest. At the first blush, Dougal seemed to stand head and shoulder above all rivals. His literary reputation, his ready wit, his good memory, his sharp voice, and his general popularity, were all in his favour. But Dougal's antecedents were against him. He was known to be the author of a history in which the Pretender was painted in warm and sympathetic colours, and it was more than suspected that he had not only drawn pen, but sword, on behalf of Charley. This was a veritable lion in the path, for the Glasgow Bailies, as became personages of so much civil and social distinction, were Protestant and Georgian to a man, and regard-

ed all who sympathised with the Stuart line much as in older times, a rabid supporter of of Popery and the Inquisition, would have looked upon a Lutheran or a Baptist. The loyalty of Glasgow was, indeed, traditional. Years before, in 1715 and 1745, her magistrates had boldly and without any hesitation declared for the house of Hanover, and three years later, in 1775, when the American War of Independence broke out, her citizens, at their own expense, raised a battalion, one thousand strong, known in military annals as the 88d.

So Dougal, with all his literary reputation to back him, had an uphill fight for the place. But difficulties were made to be conquered, and Dougal's genius was equal to the occasion. As George Caldwell told Motherwell, the poet, "Dougal in his youth was in the Pretender's service, and on that account, he had a sair faught to get the place o' bellman, for the Glasgow Bailies had an illbrew o' the Highlanders, and were just downright wicked against onybody that had melled wi' the Rebels; but Dougie was a pawky chield, and managed to wyse them

over to his ain interests, pretending that he was a staunch King's man, and pressed into the Prince's service sair against his will, and when he was naithing mair than a hafflins callant, that scarcely kent his left haund frae his richt, or a B frae a Bull's fit." Doubtless, also, he called upon each of the magistrates and explained away the objectionable passages in his history, at the same time impressing the Bailie with a sense of his own merits and attainments; and promising, perhaps, as a final clincher to his argument, to revise and modify his historical epic, as he certainly did in the third edition, which was published four years later. At any rate, Dougal was successful, for after the other candidates had cried and bawled, he surpassed them all, by roaring at the top of his voice—

" Caller herring at the Broomielaw,
Three a penny—three a penny,"

adding with a grim sarcasm, that derived additional point from the fact that it was not yet the herring season :—

" Indeed, my friends,
But it's a' a blessum,
For the herring's no catch'd,
And the boat's no come!"

A similar story is told of Dougal's great successor, just mentioned, Bell Geordie, whose caustic humour, rhyming abilities, and loquacious impudence, made him a public favourite. On the occasion of Geordie competing for the office of assistant-bellman, a large crowd assembled, and the notice to be called out ran as follows :

NOTICE.—There has just arrived at the Broomielaw, a boat-load of fine fresh herrings, selling at three a penny.
—(Lingle, lingle, lingle.)

After several competitors had given a specimen of their talents, it came to the turn of Geordie, who boldly seized the bell, and, having given it a vigorous triple shake, roared the proclamation prescribed, in a stentorian voice, and added:—

“ Now, my gude folks, this cry is all a hum,
For herrings in the boat are yet to come ;
Therefore, ye needna fash to gang awa'
To seek sic dainties at the Broomielaw ;
But if they come, and I'm town-crier then,
I'll tinkle thrice my bell to let you ken.”

Accordingly, Dougal was elected unanimously, and performed his official duties during the rest of his life with perfect satisfaction to his superiors and constituents. Everything, indeed, that is known of him,

goes to show that he was the "Prince of Bellmen," superior even to his rival in renown, Bell Geordie. His quaint, but effective elocution, and his rhyming notices, invariably attracted large crowds of admiring youth to listen to his voluminous "O Yes ! O Yes's !"

Like his more distinguished professional brethren elsewhere, Dougal possessed an easy assurance of manner, combined with a frequent drollery, that made his hearers excuse his impudence for the sake of its wit. Many anecdotes were at one time in circulation, illustrating these traits in his character ; but, almost without exception, these have perished, or been incorporated in popular collections of facetiæ. The only one which has been handed down in this connection is the following, two versions of which are given in the old chap-books. One day towards the close of the American War of Independence, as Dougal was shouting some notice in the Gallowgate, opposite the Saracen's Head Inn, in which several officers of the 42d Regiment, then newly home from America, were dining, one of them threw

up the window, and putting out his head, cried 'chaffingly : ' " What's that you've got on your back, Dougal?" in unfeeling allusion to poor Dougal's hump.

" It's Bunker Hill," was the retort, " do you choose to mount?"

It must have been a goodly sight to see Dougal in his official robes, the cynosure of every eye in the busy Trongate, or the life and soul of the company in Mrs. McLarty's 'wee bit public,' where he and his cronies were wont to quench their native thirst. His must, indeed, have been a grotesque figure. 'A wee bit gash body under five feet high ;' with a round, broad, red and much-seamed face ; a prominent nose, truncated *à la Punch* ; an Æsopian hump on one shoulder, and a large protuberance on one breast ; legs of unequal length and peculiar shape ; a long scarlet coat hanging down from the shoulders to the ground ; blue breeches set off by white stockings, and large brilliantly buckled shoes : with an imposing cocked hat perched fiercely on one side of the massive head.

§ 7. But Dougal did not permit the de

lights of office to stifle his literary aspirations. He still kept his printing establishment and wrote voluminously. In addition to the 'Turnimspike,' and 'John Hielandman's remarks on Glasgow'—already referred to,—the former of which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was sufficient of itself to 'entitle its author to immortality,'—the following may be assigned to this period of his life:

1. Lothian Tom.
2. John Falkirk's Witticisms.
3. John Falkirk's Cariches.
- ✓ 4. Janet Clinker's Orations, or Grannie McNab's Lectures.
5. John Cheap, the Chapman.
6. Leper, the 'Taylor.
7. The Grand Solemnity of the 'Taylor's Funeral.
8. The History of the Haveral Wives.
9. The Coalman's Courtship.
10. Silly Tom.

But these form only a moiety of Dougal's productions, for he was a most voluminous, and, according to McVean, a ready writer. A diligent collector might still find as many of Dougal's poems as would fill a volume. Mr. Caldwell, a most competent authority, affirms that "Dougal was an unco glib body

at the pen, and could screed aff a bit penny history in less than nae time. A' his works took weel; they were level to the meanest capacity, and had plenty o' coarse jokes to season them. I never kent a history o' Dougal's that stack in the sale yet, and we were aye fain to get a hand o' some new piece frae him. Dougal was a lang time skellat bellman 'o Glasgow, and wrate the maist part o' his histories there." Another authority says that he wrote only when in the vein, and with marvellous facility; and Dr. Strang, on the authority, it is to be presumed, of Mr. McVean, says that Dougal—like Buchan, the chronicler of Peterhead—commonly expressed his thoughts right off in type, sitting not at his desk but at the printer's case. From all of which it would almost appear that the unappreciative citizens of St. Mungo had in their midst, they not knowing, a bellman who united in himself the humour of Rabelais and the fluency of De Vega.

§ 8. Dougal seems to have written almost to the last day of his life. In all probability, indeed, his last malady seized him when in

double harness,—sitting at his desk editing some new facetious story, arrayed in his scarlet coat and blue breeches. At any rate the original edition of the second part of his *Leper the Taylor* was published in 1779; on the twentieth day of July in which year Graham died. Amid the noise and tumult of foreign wars, the great Roman Catholic Emancipation struggle, the eruption of Vesuvius, and the startling invasion of the Frith of Forth, by the redoubtable ‘Paul Jones,’ the poor bellman was allowed to slip away without so much as a passing obituary notice in the local papers. But although the editorial magnates of the Glasgow *Mercury* did not think the matter of sufficient importance to warrant the insertion of a couple of lines, unpaid, the author of so many famous and notable histories was not allowed to depart ‘unhonoured and unsung.’ Witness the elegy on his death, written in the same verse as Ferguson’s on *Gregory*, and Burns’ on *Tam Samson*, from which the following extracts are taken :

"ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF THE WITTY
POET AND BELLMAN."

"Ye mothers fond! O be not blate
To mourn poor Dougal's hapless fate,
Oftimes you know he did you get
Your wander'd weans ;
To find them out, both soon and late,
He spared no pains.

Our footmen now sad tune may sing,
For none like him the streets made ring,
Nor quick intelligence could bring
Of caller fish,
Of salmon, herring, cod or ling,
Just to their wish.

* * * * *

The Bull Inn and the Saracen,
Were both well served with him at e'en,
As oftimes we have heard and seen
Him call retour,
For E'nburg, Greenock, and Irvine,
At any hour.

The honest wives he pleased right weel
When he did cry bran new cheap meal,
Cheap butter, barley, cheese and veal,
Was selling fast.
They often called him 'lucky chiel,'
As he went past.

* * * * *

Had any rambler in the night,
Broken a lamp, and then ta'en flight,
Dougal would bring the same to light
'Gainst the next day,
Which made the drunk, mischievous wight
Right dearly pay.

It is well known unto his praise,
 He well deserved the poet's bays,
 So sweet was his harmonious lays ;
 Loud-sounding fame
 Alone can tell, how all his days
 He bore that name.

Of witty jokes he had such store,
 Johnson could not have pleased you more ;
 Or with loud laughter made you roar
 As he could do ;
 He had still something ne'er before
 Exposed to view."

* * * * *

§ 9. The above comprises all that is known of the life and history of this remarkable man. His character must be judged mainly from the internal evidence of his writings. One of the early editions of *John Falkirk's Cariches* contained a preface, part of which has been already quoted, confirming the tradition that still survives, as well as Motherwell's expressed belief, that one of the commonest of Dougal's many nicknames was 'John Falkirk.' "'John Falkirk,' commonly called the '*Scots' Piper*,' was a curious, little, witty fellow, with a round face and a broad nose. None of his companions could answer the many witty questions he proposed

to them, therefore he became the wonder of the age in which he lived. Being born of mean parents he got no education, therefore his witty invention was truly natural; and being bred to no business, he was under the necessity of using his genius in the composition of several small books, of which the following Cariches was one which he disposed of for his support. He became the author of many small tracts, and the following curious and diverting pieces are said to be of his composition, viz.: 'The History of John Cheap the Cheapman;' 'The History of Haverall Wives;' 'Janet Clinker's Orations;' 'John Falkirk's Witty Jokes;' 'Jocky and Maggy's Courtship;' 'The Proverbs of the Pride of Women;' 'History of Lothian Tom,' with many others, which are well known in Scotland, England and Ireland." It is certain, therefore, that Dougal was a fellow of infinite jest, quick at retort, always ready for fun, and flowing over with caustic wit and pawky humour; no better evidence of which could be desired, than his verses entitled 'John Hielandman.'

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S REMARKS ON SCOTLAND.

Her nainsel unto Glasgow went,
An erran' there to see 't;
And she ne'er pe saw a ponier town,
Was stan'ing on her feet.
For a' the houses that be tere,
Pe thicket wi' plue stanes,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
No fa' to prack her panes.
She'll gang upon a staney road,
A street they do him ca',
And when me seek the shapman's house,
Her name be on the wa'.
I gang to seek a snish tamback,
And standing at the corse,
And tere I saw a dead man,
Was riding on a horse.
And Oh! he pe a poor man,
And no hae money claise,
Te progs be worn aff her feet,
And me see a' his taes.
Te horse had up his muckle fit,
For to gie me a shap,
And gaped wi' his great mouth,
To grip me by the tap.
He had a staff into his hand,
To fight me an he could,
Put hersel' pe rin awa' frae him,
His horse be unco' proud.
But I be rin around about,
And stand about the guard,
Where I see the diel chap the hours,*
Tan me grow unco' fear'd.

* At that time a clockmaker in Irongate had a figure of the devil which struck the hours.

Ohon ! Ohon ! her nainsel said,
And whare will me go rin ?
For yonder pe te plack man,
Tat purns te fouks for sin.

I'll no pe stay nae longer tere,
But fast I'm rin awa' ;
An' see te man a thrawing reaps,
Beside the Proomie-law.

An' Oh ! she be a lang tedder,
I speir fat they do wi't ;
He said, To hang the Highlandmans,
For stealing o' their meat.

Hout, hersel's an honest shentleman,
I'm never yet be steal,
But whan I meet a muckle purse,
I like her unco' weel.

Tan fare you weel you saucy loon,
I fain your skin would pay,
I came to your town the morn, but,
And I'll gang out yesterday.

Tan she'l gaed to her quarter house,
The toor was unco' pra'.
For tere they had a cow's husband,
Was pricket on the wa'.

O tere we gat a shappin ale,
And tan we gat a supper,
A filthy choud o' chappit meat,
Was boil'd amang a butter.

It was a filthy, dirty beef,
His bains was like te horn ;
She was a calf wanting the skin,
Before that he was born.

Next day I'm gang upon the kirk,
To hear a lawland preach,
And mony a pony sang the'l sing,
Tere pooks they did him teach.

And tere I saw a ponny mattam,
Wi' feathers on her wame,
I wonder an' she be gaun to flee,
Or what be in her min'.

Another mattams follow her,
Wha's nerse was round her cogs;
And clitter, clatter, cries her feet,
She had on iron brogues.

And tere I saw another mattam,
Into a tarry sack,
And twa poor mans be carry her,
Wi' rapes about him neck.

She pe sae fu' o' fanity,
As no gang on the grun',
Put twa poor mans pe carry her,
In a barrow covered abune.

Some had a fish tail till her mouth,
And some pe had a bonnet,
Put my Shannet and Donald's wife,
Wad rather hae a bonnock.

In a similar vein is the *Turnimspike*, which Sir Walter Scott thought sufficiently meritorious to immortalise its author, even if he had written nothing else, and of which an incomplete version was published by Burns.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

" Hersell pe Highland shentleman.
 Pe auld as Pothwell Frig, man ;
 And many alterations seen,
 Amang te Lawland whig, man. Fal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
 Nainsell was driving cows, man ;
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,
 About the breeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,
 The plaid prick't on her shoulder ;
 The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
 De pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith man's nerse be locket,
 Ohon ! that e'er she saw the day !
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in de Highlands now
 Pe turn'd to alteration ;
 The sodger dwell at our door-sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on de cager ;
 Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
 But, oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
 Me never saw de like, man ;
 They make a lang road on the crund,
 And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

An' wow she pe a ponnie road,
 Like Loudon corn-riggs, man ;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
(In troth they'll no be sheaper ;)
For naught put gaun upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

'They tak the horse then by te head,
And tere tey mak her stan', man ;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw his purse,
And pay him what him likes, man ;
I'll see a shudgement on his toor,
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near to your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her."

Fal, &c.

§ 10. That Dougal loved good ale, may be gathered from his own confession, from his traditional reputation, and from his works. There, *John Cheap*, *Leper*, *The Coalman's Marriage*, etc, literally reek of the odours of the tavern, and whether it be a courtship, a wedding, a christening, a funeral, a birth, or the 'swapping' of an old horse, the *dramatis personae* are made to wade through a sea of ale. Curiously enough whiskey is seldom mentioned, although it can hardly be doubted that so

good a judge of liquor as Dougal was not unfamiliar with the flavour of Islay and Campbelton. Although a man of letters, and having some pretensions to being considered a poet, Dougal's tastes and nature were of the earth. His talk is ever of the table, and he seldom takes his eyes from the brose or kailpot. Doubtless, poor Dougal, in his many severe and friendless tramps through the country, with empty pack and emptier stomach,—foot-sore, houseless and worn,—had suffered much from the pangs of hunger, and was thus led to attach paramount importance to plenty food and a warm bed. In his great History he dwells more upon the want of food and 'proper apartments' than upon the real horrors of war, and sees nothing in the trials of the Prince deserving of so much, and such constant sympathy, as the scarcity of victual and the absence of blankets, which he had so frequently to encounter. With what a sympathetic groan does he pity the poor rebels,—

"The men half mad for want of pay
Had little to eat, what's worse, I say?"

Clearly, in Dougal's opinion, nothing. Over and over again does the hungry camp-suttler harp on the same string :

" They had no meat, mutton or beef,
Of cheese and butter no relief ;
The cry among them night and day,
Was, *Give me money, meat and pay.*"

So, too, the only occasions on which Dougal ever shows any appreciable amount of poetic fervour in recounting the hardships of the Pretender, is when he bewails the absence of beef. Other things might be borne ; all hope of ever reconquering an ancestral throne might perish ; his most leal friends might die like dogs by the hands of the common hangman, and still the deserted Prince might contrive to live in comparative comfort ; but how was it possible that he could have a stomach for anything, when he had not anything for his stomach ! Of a verity, Dougal was in the right, and knew, better even than Spenser, ' what hell it is in fasting long to bide.' But it may be doubted if Dougal fasted as much as more important personages. His code of ethics, never a severe one, had been indefinitely relaxed by the experiences of

camp life ; and one can hardly resist the conclusion that he himself was not the least active of the 'many of Charley's crew,' who, he writes,

———"indeed, were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy ;
They cocks and hens, and churn and cheese,
Did kill and eat, when they could seize."

There is some confusion here between the live and inanimate stock, but the object and ultimate results were much the same. "The Highlanders," says the preface, "STEALT, RAIYT, AND SIPPED THE KIEN,—I really think pinching Hunger caused most of the disorders." The emphasizing of hunger by capitalizing the initial letter deserves attention. Still more significant is the naive apology for what the Prussians called, in the late war, 'requisitions,' and the French, 'theft,' but which Dougal, less hardened than the one, and more cautious than the other, merely talks of as a 'failing.'

"Some of them paid like honest men,
Others did not, I tell you plain ;
But this I have so fair to say,
They duly got their weekly pay :
But yet when plunder came in use,
They spared neither duck nor goose ;



Butter, cheese, beef, or mutton,
All was theirs that could be gotten.
Pocks of meal, hens and cockies,
They made that country bare of cluckies.
Made many a Carlin whinge and girn,
By crowdie of her meal and kirn ;
All this they did before their eyes.

" Guidwife cum sup here an ye please."

I own indeed it was a failing ;

But yet I cannot call it stealing :

Because some folk refused to sell—

How long now cou'd ye fast ycursel' ?

For the hungry came, chas'd out the fu',

Where meat was found this was their due."

The confidential character of the 'now,' and the calm, settled air of conviction with which the third last line is brought in to clench the argument, are particularly characteristic. But if, under the pressure of dire necessity, and, after a time, perhaps, from mere force of habit, Dougal allowed himself to take provisions on very long credit, the horrors of war did not harden the natural though rough kindness of his nature. It is with the hungry that he most frequently sympathises, and he can also afford tears for the hardships and death of poor persons and those who were slain in battle. It is with a visible shudder that he narrates how clergymen from the pulpit read aloud

the proclamation, forbidding any one to shelter or give meat or drink to a rebel on pain of death :

“ Of this act I know not what to say,
Since Solomon speaks another way,
And great, yea wiser King than he,
Bid us to feed our enemy,
And give him water for to drink ;
For me I know not what to think.”

Doubtless there is some little touch of the Jacobite in this, but there is also a good deal of heart and sound morality. The question of Dougal's political opinions has been already touched upon. He lived and died a humble but devoted adherent of the Stuart cause. Even the revised version of his *History*, in spite of its talk about rebels, and its ‘*Quaker's Addresses*’ on the iniquities of Popery, breathes the spirit of an earnest Jacobite. In some respects no doubt Dougal's opinions changed. The allurements and responsibilities of office caused him to tone down his early confessions, and when he donned the scarlet robe of bell-man he abandoned in a measure his public attachment to a ruined cause, but to the last he had a kindly word for Charles, and in the ‘wee sma’ hours ayont the twal”, when

boozing with his own familiar cronies, think ye that the old camp-follower of the Stuarts did not drink brimming bumpers to Him 'across the water !' There were two other circumstances, however, which somewhat slackened Dougal's Jacobite zeal,—his hatred of Highlanders and Popery. Of the latter he has not one good word to say, and as to the former they were his constant aversion. Yet he could be just at times, in spite of his prejudices, as witness the lines :

"But one thing of Highlanders I see,
Is them they serve they'll faithful be,
For those who served King George, just here,
'Gainst rebels proved most severe ;
And rebels, who afterward did list,
Loyaller hearts no man could trust ;
And, ev'n the conquering of this field,
Unto the English I will not yield."

On the subject of Popery, Dougal is less generous. The Pope, the Pagan, the Turk and the Devil are by him regarded as birds of a feather. He has no doubt on the subject, asseverating with great emphasis that

"By Yea and Nay the Popes are thieves,
And he's as stupid that believes
These roguish priests, who pardons sell,
Or yet pray back a soul from hell.
He's surely of the devil's kind,

Who thus deludes the vulgar blind ;
 And who adheres to such a college,
 Will be destroy'd for lack of knowledge.
 With Bead and Wafers, the Devil's batter,
 Your musty Mass, and Holy Water,
 Wherewith ye blind the souls of men,
 For to increase your worldly gain,
 Done with pretence of holiness :
 O hypocrites, why live you thus ?
 You thump, you mump, with face awray,
 And at one time you rob and pray,
 Pretend so much to chastitie,
 None of your priests can married be,
 Yet run like rams, and lead lewd lives,
 Ye're but a pack of — — thieves :

* * *

[Folk dread your] 'power of curse and bless,'
 You thus put modesty in distress,
 Pretending miracles and charms,
 To keep from evil spirits' harms,
 Such as clover leaves, and branch of yew,
 Will keep the devil from man or cow,
 And that Holy Water has such effect
 As make him run and break his neck ;
 Ay, to the vulgar too you'll tell
 Of sending letters to heaven or hell,
 Brings half burnt souls from Purgatory,
 For gold you'll harle them out in hurry,
 And those who cannot money raise,
 You'll do it for butter, beef or cheese ;
 But they may there stay eternalie,
 Whose friends will not pay you a fee :
 I think a stronger delusion
 Was never in any ages known,
 The Turk, the Pagan, and the Jew,
 More mercy have to show than you ;

*Your ceremonies so ye cook,
The devil gets none but poor fo'k,
Who cannot pay the priest his fee :
Accurs'd be such belief for me."*

§ 11. Having now discussed at considerable length Graham's life and character, it only remains to determine his position as a writer of fiction, and to vindicate for him a respectable and abiding place in the somewhat scanty ranks of purely Scottish humorists. As a proof that the foregoing estimate of his abilities and literary importance is not singular, the two following criticisms, the one by Scott and the other by Motherwell, are given entire. In a letter to Dr. Strang, Chamberlain to the city of Glasgow, dated 10th May, 1830, Sir Walter writes:—"Neither had I the least idea of his [Graham's] being the author of so much of our *Bibliothèque Bleue* as you ascribe to him, embracing unquestionably several coarse but excessively meritorious pieces of popular humour. The *Turnamspike* alone was sufficient to entitle him to immortality. I had, in my early life, a great collection of these cheap books, and had six volumes of them bought before I was ten years old, com-

prehending most of the most rare and curious of our popular tracts." Still more emphatic is the testimony of Motherwell, who had a much better acquaintance with the subject than Scott. "However slightly we esteem his [Graham's] metrical powers, we really believe he has conscientiously and honestly detailed the events which came under his observation. It is not, however, on the merits of this work, that Graham's fame rests. Had he written only it, we believe he never would have occupied our thoughts for a moment; but as one who subsequently contributed largely to the amusement of the lower classes of his countrymen, we love to think of the facetious bellman. To his rich vein of gross, comic humour, laughable and vulgar description, great shrewdness of observation, and strong, though immeasurably coarse sense, every one of us, after getting out of toy books and fairy tales, has owed much. In truth, it is no exaggeration when we state, that he who desires to acquire a thorough knowledge of low Scottish life, vulgar manners, national characteristics and popular jokes, must de-

vote his days and nights to the study of *John Cheap the Chapman*," &c., &c., &c., "all the productions of Dougal's fertile brain, and his unwearied application to the cultivation of vulgar literature. To refined taste Dougal had no pretensions. His indelicacy is notorious—his coarseness an abomination—but they are characteristic of the class for whom he wrote. He is thoroughly imbued with the national humours and peculiarities of his countrymen of the humblest class, and his pictures of their manners, modes of thinking and conversation are always sketched with a strong and faithful pencil.

Indeed, the uncommon popularity the chap-books above noted have acquired, entitles them, in many a point of view, to the regard of the moralist, and the literary historian. We meet with them on every stall, and in every cottage. They are essentially the Library of Entertaining Knowledge to our peasantry, and have maintained their ground in the affections of the people, notwithstanding the attempt of religious, political, or learned associations, to

displace them, by substituting more elegant and wholesome literature in their stead." And again, in the same article (1824):—"In thus directing public attention to the obscure labours of this caterer for vulgar taste, we think ourselves entitled to some credit, for sure enough the little information we have been enabled to give concerning them, would, in a short while, have been wholly lost, and in some hundred years hence, to ascertain the author of the tracts we have enumerated, would have been as idle an endeavour, as it would now be for a book collector to attempt the recovery of the famous library of Captain Cox of Kenilworth." It is unnecessary to add much to Motherwell's just and admirable criticism. Coarse as Graham's writings undoubtedly are, and indecent even for the outspoken age, the manners and conversation of which they too faithfully reflect, it is the coarseness of a rude and healthy nature, not the veneered and loathsome sensualism of French type. It is the vulgar frankness of Chaucer, not the insinuated poison of Ouida; the half un-

conscious revelations of the savage who is ignorant of the etiquette of good society, not the thin and suggestive drapery of the ballet girl who selects the can-can as the medium of her art. These remarks are not to be taken as implying the innocence of Graham's works. Coarse and not altogether profitable even at the tune of their production, when their large utterances gave little or no offence, they are now unsuited to the more reserved, though not perhaps much healthier, tastes of the public. But happily this ugly element does not predominate. It but smutches a page here and there, leaving the rest clean and fresh.

The most valuable of Graham's productions are also the most original: for they are not, like *George Buchanan* and *Simple John*, mere compilations of stolen facetiæ, but fresh and faithful transcripts of his own homely experience. Such are the *Haveral Wives*, *Jockey and Maggy's Courtship*, *John Cheap the Chapman*, the *Coalman's Courtship*, and *Lothian Tom*. On these five, Dougal's main chance of being remembered rests. He possessed this advantage

over the ordinary historian ; that the latter from his superior height and position seldom condescended to enter the huts of the poor, and when he did enter, the inmates were frightened into their 'Sunday clothes and manners' by his stately and majestic presence. But Dougal, being himself one of the poorest, introduces us into the most secret, domestic, and every-day life and thoughts of the lower classes of last century. Nothing is hidden from him. He is treated with a familiarity which shows that his hosts have no wish to hide anything. Then, too, he made his reader familiar not only with their mode of life, but with the peculiarities of their dialect, and in this way shed a not unfrequent light on philology. Add to these virtues that Dougal is never out of humour, always laughing and gossiping, drinking and telling old tales. His laughter, also, is contagious ; we cannot contain ourselves. All his stories are full of people who laugh 'like to burst,' and one cannot help but join them in their cacchinations. Nor are his sketches wanting in dramatic power. The characters are full of individuality and life,

rendered more significant by a local flavour of demeanor and dialect. More than one of them might have afforded models for some of the raciest of Scott's creations, and all of them are instinct with genuine humour and vitality. All this will be discussed at greater length when the tales themselves come to be analysed. But what has been written is surely a sufficient vindication of this volume; the material collected in which it would be impossible to obtain fifty years hence. There are not a few who, if the choice were offered them, would vastly prefer to spend an hour or two over a modest tumbler, with this quaint, coarse, deformed, greedy, kindly, humorous old bellman, and hear him discuss his hair-breadth escapes at Prestonpans and Falkirk, and his merry rambles with *John Cheap* and drouthy Tom, than they would dine off turtle and French kick-shaws and unsatisfying Chablis, with many of the producers of modern poetry and fiction. It is not to be expected, of course, that every one will go quite so far as this, but it may be hoped that the most indifferent reader of this book will

have found some little instruction and pleasure in following thus far the adventures and writings of *Dougal Graham*, 'the skellat bellman of Glasgow.'

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL CLASSIFICATION OF SUBJECT.

I.—Dramatic Sketches.

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| <p>§ 1. <i>Jocky and Maggy's Courtship.—Critical Remarks.—Curious Scotch Custom of 'Bedding.'</i></p> <p>§ 2. <i>The Coalman's Courtship.—Critical Remarks.</i></p> <p>§ 3. <i>The Art of Courtship.</i></p> <p>§ 4. <i>Silly Tam, alias Simple</i></p> | <p><i>John.—Other Versions of same.</i></p> <p>§ 5. <i>History of the Haverall Wives.</i></p> <p>§ 6. <i>Brief Notice of some Poetical Chap-Books.</i></p> <p>§ 7. <i>A Diverting Courtship.</i></p> <p>§ 8. <i>The Pleasures of Matrimony.—Other versions of same.</i></p> |
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The humorous chap-books, as already indicated, comprise by far the most characteristic and valuable portion of this sort of literature. It is in them almost alone that the lower and agricultural classes of last century still live and move; and in them, consequently, do we find the largest amount of local colouring and originality. It would be difficult, and hardly indeed profitable, to give an exhaustive enumeration of all the works that fall under this head, but the list

here given will be found to include most of them that have either attained, or deserved to attain, a large amount of popularity. They fall to be discussed under the two heads of:

1. Dramatic Sketches, and
2. Simple Narratives.

1. The phrase 'dramatic sketches' is employed to distinguish the tales in which dialogue abounds, accompanied by a distinct, and more or less carefully elaborated plot, from those histories of the *George Buchanan* type, in which a number of indifferent incidents and jokes, which have no connexion with one another, and are stolen from many sources, are thrown together in any order, and attributed to some fictitious or historical personage. Although few in number, these rude dramas are, in some respects, the most remarkable specimens of the *genus* chap. The best known are,—

1. Jockey and Maggy's Courtship.
2. The Coalman's Courtship.
3. The Art of Courtship.
4. Silly Tam *alias* Simple John.
5. The History of Haveral Wives.

JOCKEY AND MAGGY.

§ 1. The whole proceedings of Jockey and Maggy. In five parts.

1. Jockey and Maggy's Courtship as they were coming from the Market.
2. The wonderful work of our John, shewing how he made Janet like an Elshin shaft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.
3. The wonderful work of our John made manifest before the minister.
4. How Jockey and his mother went away to see his bastard child.
5. How Jockey had another child, and could not get it baptised until he mounted the stool; with an account of his mother's death and burial. Also an elegy on the same occasion. Carefully corrected and revised by the author. Glasgow: Printed for and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country—1783. (36 pp.)

The first edition, in all likelihood, was published about as early as 1755, since which time the work has gone through many editions. As early as 1824 an emasculated version, in three parts, was common, an abridgement of which is still to be had from booksellers who deal in cheap literature, and is entitled, "The Whole Proceedings of Jockey and Maggy's Courtship, with The

Great Diversion that Ensued at the Wedding. In Three Parts. Glasgow, Printed for the Booksellers." (12mo.). The matter of the first two parts is identical with that of the original, with the exception of a few trifling omissions and additions, but parts third and fourth, and the greater portion of part fifth, are left out, as also the epitaph and elegy on Jockey's mother, the death of that dame being not even hinted at. As the difference in the spelling of the two editions possesses some philological interest, it may be worth a passing reference. The words 'meikle,' 'had' (held) 'mawn,' 'o,' 'war' (worse), 'married on a you,' 'plenishen,' 'yence,' 'whan,' 'ill-far'd,' 'gawn,' 'masket,' 'than,' and 'cannas,' which is the spelling in the original, being represented in the modern version by 'haud,' 'maun,' 'of,' 'waur,' 'married to you,' 'plenishing,' 'ance,' 'when,' 'ill-faured,' 'gaun,' 'masked,' 'then,' and 'canvas.' A characteristic addition occurs at the end of part first, which, in the early version, concludes with the words, "So this disturbet their bedding," to which matter-of-fact statement some po-

etical patcher has added, "and the sky was beginning to break in the east before the hurly-burly was over." An abridgment was also published in 1793, with the title: "A Dialogue of Courtship between Jockey and Maggy, as they were coming from the market, or the wonderful works of our John, giving excellent instructions how to court a country girl."—(12mo. 1793.) A complete, indeed, verbatim copy, of the first edition, was published in 1823, and is the one now commonly to be found in the possession of bibliopoles. The narrative is written with a vigour and Chaucerian breadth of humour, which make one regret the more the indecencies with which many of its pages are smutched. But both as a literary production, and as a singularly graphic picture of real life, it is, undoubtedly, its author's masterpiece.

PART I.

After describing with coarse humour how Jockey wooed Jenny on their way home from the market, and how the marriage was arranged by their respective mothers,

Part First proceeds to detail the wedding dinner :

"The wooing being over and the day being set, Jockey's mither killed the black boul horn'd yeal Ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens an' a gule-fitted cock to prevent the ripples, five peck 'o maut masket in the meikle kirn, a pint o' trykle to mak' it thicker an' sweeter an' maumier for the mouth; 5 pints o' whisky, wherein was garlic and spice, for raising o' the wind an' the clearing o' their water. The friends and good neighbours went a' wi' John to the Kirk, where Maggy *chanced to meet him*, and was married by the minister. The twa companies joined the gither and cam hame in a croud; at every change-house they chanced to pass by, Providence stopt their proceedings with full stoups, bottles and glasses, drinking their healths, "wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy. Jockey, seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he gat for to augment his health, and gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt him up and proved detrimental to the same.

"So hame cam they to the dinner, where his mither presented to them a piping het haggis, made of the creish of the black boul horned Ewe, boil'd in the meikle bag, mixt with bear-meal, onions, spice and mint. This haggis being supt warm set John's belly a-bizzing like a working fat."

So John, turning very pale, was put to bed.

"Pale and ghostly was his face, and closed were baith his een. 'Ah!' cries his mitner, 'a dismal

day indeed, his bridal and his burial may be a' on ae day.' Some cuist water in his face, and jag'd him wi' a needle, till he began to rouse himself up, and rap out some broken words: 'Mither, mither! whar am I now?' 'Whar are you now, my bairn, says his mither, ye're bedet an' I'll bring the bride to you.'

"'Bedet! an' is my bridal done else?'

"'Ay,' said she, 'here's the bride to lie down wi' you.'

"'Na, na,' said he, 'I'll no lie wi' that unco' woman if it binna heads and thraws, the way I lay wi' you, mither.'

"'O fy, dinna affront yoursel.'

"'The bride fa's a-crying, "O mither, mither! was this the way my father guidet you the first night?'

"'Na, na, thy father was a man o' manners, and better mettle, poor thing Meg, thou's cau'd thy hogs to a bonny market.'

"'A bonny market!' says his mither, 'a shame fa' you an' her baith, he's wordy o' her though she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be.'

"His friends and her friends being in a mixt multitude, some took his part, some took her's; and there did a battle begin in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult, which ended in blood; they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles, and barrow-trams, pigs, pots, stoups, and trunchers were flying like bombs and granadoes. The crook bouls and tangs were all employed as weapons of war, till down cam the bed, with a great mou of peats! So this disturbet their bedding."

PART SECOND.

Part Second opens with a continuation of the great fight.

"The hamsheughs were very great, until auld uncle Rabby came in to redd them; and a sturdy auld fallow he was. He stood stively with a stiff rumple, and by strength of his arms rave them sindry, flinging the tane east and the tither west, until they stood a' round about like as many breathless for-foughten cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him; Jockey's mither was driven o'er a kist, and brogit a' her hips on a round heckle; up she gat, and rinning to fell Maggy's mither wi' the ladle, swearing she was the mither o' a' the mischief that happened, Uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a long nose, like a trumpet, she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the ladle till the blood sprang out, an' ran down his auld grey beard and hang like snuffy bubbles at it. O! then he gaed wood, and looked as waefu' like as he had been a tod-lowrie come frae worrying the lambs, wi' his bloody mouth. Wi' that he gets an auld flail, and rives awa' the supple, then drives them a' to the back o' the door, but yet nane wan out; then wi' chirten an' chappen down comes the clayhallen and the hen bawk wi' Rab Reld the fiddler, who had crept up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle."

Finally, through the exertions of Uncle Rabby, the hurly-burly is brought to a peaceful end, after which "Rabby an' auld

Sandy, the suitor o' Seggyhole, prapet up the bed wi' a rake, an' a rippling kame; the bearers being broken, they made a solid foundation o' peats, laid on the caff-bed and bowsters, where Jockey and Maggy was bedded the second time."

Six months and "four oukes" elapsed, when Jenny's mother, Marion, discovering that her daughter was not so well as she ought to be, called on Jock's mother, and gave her and her son a bit of her mind, which excited Maggy so much that she had a miscarriage.

"But Maggy grew better the next day and was able to muck the byre; yet there gaed sic a tittle-tattling through the town, every auld wife tell'd anither o't, and a' the light hippit hissies that rins between towns at een, tugging at their tou-rocks, spread it round the kintry; and everybody's mouth was filled wi' Jockey and Jenny, and how Maggy had parted wi' bairn."

The news at length reaches Mess John Hill, who despatched the elder and Clinkem Bell, the grave maker, to summon Jockey and Jenny to the Session, "to see how the stool of repentance wa'd set them." The guilty parties appear, and a humorous in-

terview follows, which is brought to a stormy climax by Jockey's mother denouncing repenting stools in vigorous terms.

PART III.

Jockey, acting on his mother's advice, refuses to obey the command of the Session, although three times summoned to appear, until one Saturday morning, Clinkem Bell and John King, the constable, "caught him just at his brose, hauls him awa', ane at ilka oxtar like twa butcher dogs hinging at a bill's beard; his mither followed, driving up with good counsel." Then follows the interview before the Justice of the Peace, who orders Jockey to find caution that he will answer the Session, before whom he appears on the following day, Sabbath, after the sermon. Here Jockey is supported by his mother who argues the case boldly before the minister, until she is turned out, whereupon Jockey, being left to his own wits, gets into a muddle and confesses his sin, on which his mother, who stands listening at the door, shrieks her maledictions on him through the key-hole.

The language and obstinacy of the pair so enrage the reverend bench that they are condemned to exclusion from all church benefit, and laid under the lesser ex-communication.

PART IV.

Part Fourth relates a visit paid by Jockey and his mother to Jenny and her bairn, on being asked for something towards the support of which Jockey's mother indignantly exclaims: "Did not I send you my guid sprittled hen, a pund o' butter, an' a' sixpence, forby a lippy o' groats, an' a' furlet o' meal;" and on Jenny's mother replying that these articles were of inferior quality, the angry dame retorts that she herself feeds on "hacket kail, brose made o' groat-meal, and grey meal, sand seeds, dust and weak shilling, an' onything is good enough for the like of her" [Jenny.]

PART V.

Part Fifth opens with an account of the journey home of Jockey and his mother, of the latter's sudden death and burial, and how the friends "cam in a croud, and fell

to the cheese and cheeks o' leaves tuth and nail; the ale being handed about in cogs and caps, lashing it down like bleechers watering their webs." Eight and twenty weeks afterwards, Maggy bears John a son, which compels John to go to the minister, who refuses to baptise the child until John obey the order of the Session to clear himself of the scandal. So, "upon Sunday thereafter, John comes with Uncle Rabby's auld wide coat, a muckle grey-tailed wig, and a big bonnet that covered his face, so that he seemed more like an old Pilgrim than a young fornicator; mounts the creepy wi' a stiff, stiff back, as he had been a man of sixty. Every one looked at him, thinking he was some old stranger, that knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few; yet on the second it came to be known, that the whole parish and many more, came to see him, which caused such a confusion that he was absolved and got his children baptized the next day."

The baptism, however, is not performed until after a vigorous dispute between

Jenny and Maggy as to their sons' names, both wishing to call her infant John. Ultimately the matter is settled by the "by-start" being called "Jockey," and the legitimate child "John Bell." The narrative is followed by an epitaph and an elegy on Jockey's mither.

AN EPITAPH ON JOCKEY'S MOTHER.

Here lies the dust of John Bell's mither,
Against her will, death brought her hither,
Clapt in this hole hard by his dady,
Death snatched her up, ere she was ready.
Lang might she liv'd were't not her wame;
But wha can live beyond their time?
There's none laments her but the Suter,
So here she lies, looking about her;
Looking about her!—How can that be?
Yes, she sees her state better than we.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOCKEY'S MITHER.

Now a' body kens my mither's dead,
For weel I wat I bore her head,
And in the grave I saw her laid,
'Twas e'en right drole,
For her to change a warm fire-side
For a cauld Kirk-hole.

But ilk-ane tell'st, just like a sang,
That yon's the gate we've a' to gang,
For me to do't, I think nae lang,
If I can do better;
For I true my mither think'st nae fang,
What need we clatter.

But thanks to death ay for the fater,
That didna let her get the Suter ;
For 'bout her gear wad been a splutter,
And sae had been,
For he came ay snoking about her,
Late at e'en.

* * * * *
But to get gear was a' her drift,
And used many a pinging shift ;
About her spinning and her thrift
Was a' her care ;
She's gotten but little abune the lift
Wi' her to wear.

FINIS.

So ends this rustic pastoral, valuable less for its intrinsic merits than for the light which it throws on national life, manners, and language. The matter-of-fact way in which the courtship is gone about ; the business-like inventory of effects heritable and movable, made by the contracting parties before the bargain is ratified ; the coolness of Maggy, and her prompt independence, in demanding a plain 'yes' or 'no,' in seeming indifference which it is ; the unconsciousness of the personages that there is anything offensive in their indecencies of word and action ; and the lenient sympathetic light in which everyone, from 'Mess

John' downward, seems to regard the systematic evasion of the Seventh Commandment,—are significant proofs of how deeply the national character was, and to some extent still is, imbued with coarseness and unconscious indelicacy. Their standard of ethics, Sundays and Sacraments apart, was not high, and a spirit of immorality gave a colour to the language and customs of all classes. In rural districts, particularly, the master passion of human nature—Love—was regarded simply in the light of a strong animal instinct. There was nothing holy or indestructible, or spiritual,—nothing of sweetness and light, and poetry,—in the marriage of man and woman. It was nothing more, nor less, than two persons of opposite sexes going to bed at a time when night-clothes were not worn. Neither for youth nor maid had marriage any secrets, and the most hidden places of the Goddess were laid bare to the eyes of the world. All this is reflected in the Courtship of Jockey and Maggy. No writer of the time makes us feel so often the warm touch of naked flesh as does Dougal Graham. That in doing so

he was but the faithful echo of his age, is only too certain. No better proof of this could be desired than the custom of 'bedding' newly married people, on which the story turns. Bible-reading people must have sunk low indeed, and become terribly material in their ideas, before such a thing could have been, not only tolerated, but universally practiced, among the humbler classes. But why talk in the past tense? In the Western Highlands, at least, if nowhere else, young people are still 'bedded,' both before and after marriage. When McTavish, who is a sturdy young fisherman, after courting Maggy, a winsome servant girl, for some weeks, and the wedding though not definitely fixed as to day and hour, is at any rate settled, the ceremony of the 'bedding' is performed, with the view of ratifying the betrothment. The *modus operandi* has, at least, the merit of simplicity. The young girl selects some female friend to keep her company, and, in a rough sort of way, to guarantee the innocence of the two leading actors in the little pastoral comedy. The two girls go to bed

each in her short-gown and petticoat, while the happy lover, in his shirt and drawers, takes up a position between them. Sometimes, especially if the 'Campbeltown' has been passing freely, which is almost always the case, accidents occur, and in the event of the 'herring' turning out badly, the marriage has to be postponed, although, as not unfrequently happens, another event is expected, which can *not* be put off. There are, happily, extenuating circumstances, for these and similar customs are inherited, and being universally observed in certain ranks of life, little importance either for good or evil is attached to them. There is, besides, in the Scottish character a rude healthiness, even in its impurity, which preserves it from putrefaction.

But to return to Jockey and Maggy. Upon a small canvas, and with a few rude colours, the artist has succeeded in painting a singularly life-like and humorous picture, which, for breadth, vividness, and dramatic force, will compare, though unfavorably, with the "Clerkes' Tale" and Hogarth's "Company of Strollers." Coarse it is, un-

doubtedly, but delicate tints could never have rendered the gross reflections of the original. It is coarse because it is true, and could not be true without being coarse. This is not meant to defend Dougal, but to point out the historical accuracy of his work. It is, of course, to be deplored that the low morality of the masses ever made such a picture possible, and the non-circulation of these tales throughout the country at the present day, although in some measure due to prohibitive enactment, is a favourable sign of the progress of civilization; but, if the picture was to be painted at all, it is not Graham's fault that the original was somewhat forbidding and black.

THE COALMAN'S COURTSHIP.

§ 2. The Coalman's Courtship to the Creel Wife's Daughter. In Three Parts.

1. Containing a very curious dialogue between the Carter and his mother, who instructs him in the real art of courtship. 2. Sawny's visit to his sweetheart, and what passed betwixt them. With an account of the house where Sawny got drunk, and of the terrible misfortunes he met with in consequence. 3. Description of his second visit to his intended bride, and how Sawny was in danger of

losing his sweetheart. How her mother got all parties pleased again ; with an account of the wedding of this happy couple. The whole abounding with the most laughable occurrences. Edinburgh : Printed for the bookseller.' (No date, 12mo.)

Later editions with much the same title, and all but the same in substance, were published by J. & M. Robertson, Glasgow, and McKenzie and Hutchison, Saltmarket, Glasgow, and abridged versions are largely circulated at the present day.

PART I.

Sawny, the young coalman, was the son of Mary, a poor, but wanton widow, who lived near Edinburgh. Plagued by his mother's tongue, Sawny resolved on marrying, with which intent he asked the old woman's advice.

Sawny.—Do you mind, mither, that day I gaed to the Pans, I came in by auld Matty's, your kintry-woman's, the Fife-wife, it came out o' the town ye came frae, the wife that says, "Be-go laddie," I gaed there, and she wasna in, and her doughter kend me ; she was unco' kind, and made me fat brose out o' the lee-side o' her kail pat, there was balth beef and paunches in't ; ode, they smelled like ony haggies, and shin'd a' like the, gold-laced waistcoat ; figs, I suppet till I was like to rive o'

them, and had a rift o' them the morn a' day ; when I came out, I had a kite like a cow wi' calf. She splered for you, mither, and I said ye was gally. And she looked to me and leugh ay, and gripet my shanklebane, and said, I wad be a sturdy fellow yet. I looked ay to her and thought I liked her, and thinks on't ay sinsyne, she leugh and bade me seek out a coal-driver for her, for she didna like to carry a fish creel.

Mither.—Forsooth, Sawny, I'll gie my twa lugs for a lav'rock's egg, if she binna in love with thee, and that will be a bargain.

Sawny.—An' upon my word, mither, she's a sturdy gimmer, weel worth the sneaking after ; she has a dimple in every cheek, and ane on her chin ; two legs like twa posts, and haunches like a sodger's lady's hoop, they hobble when she shakes, and her paps play niddlety-nod when she gangs.
* * * I ken by her keeking she has a conceit o' me.

Mither.—But Sawny, man, an' thou see her mither Matty in the town, auld Be-go laddie as ye ca' her, gie her a dram, she lik'st weel ; spout ye a mutchkin o' molash in her cheek, ye'll get her mind and speak the better.

Sawny being ignorant of the art of courtship, sought counsel from his mother, who advised him “ to go in wi' braw good manners, and something manfu' ; to put on a Sunday's face and sigh as he were a saint ; to sit down beside her as he were a Mess

John ; to keek ay till her, now and then, with a stolen look, and haud his mouth as mim and grave as a May paddock, or a whore at a christening ;" lastly, he was to "crack weel o' their wealth and hide their poverty."

Sawny.—"Aha, but mither," co' Sammy, "I dinna ken the first word o' courting, the lassie'll no ken what am come about."

Mither.—"Ay, will she, lad, wink and keek weel till her, she'll hae a guess ; get a quiet word o' her at the door ; an' gin it be dark, gie her a wee bit kiss when ye've told your errand ; and gin they gie you cheese and bread, or ony meat, ca't good whether it be sae or no : and for my blessing, be mensfu' wi' your mouth, and dinna eat o'er meikle, for I seen you sup as mony milk-brose as wad a sair'd twa men to carry on a barrow."

Sawny.—"Ay, but mither, ye're lying now, or it was na a' at ance than, but an' they set meat before me, an' I be hungry, a deil claw the cloungest, an' I be na upsides wi't for that same. A faith, mither, folks maun hae meat an' they sud ne'er get wives, there's some o' them no worth the cursing, an' a body were na letting an oath whether or no ; a hear ye that now, when ye pit me to it and gar me speak ; ay, by my sooth, I wad rather hae a bit good powny and a pound of cheese, or I were bound to bab after ony hissie's buttocks I see yet."

Mither.—"Wa', Sandy man, you are a fool, and that's a faut ; an' every ane were as easy about

women as thou is, the world wad be a wilderness in a wee time; there wad be naeboddy to inhabit the earth but brute beasts, cats and dogs wad be worrying ithers and everything gae to confusion. Gae to the courting, ye dog it ye are, and either do something or naething ava."

PART II.

Part second relates how Sawny, having dressed himself in his best, and sold his coals,

"Gade keeking up the Cow-gate, and thro' the closes, seeking auld Be-go his good mother to be, then in thro' the fish-market, whare he bought a lang herring and twa baps, a pair of suter's auld shoon greased black and made new, as he kend the ass would look at them, for his mither tell'd him, the women looked ay to the men's legs or they married them, and the weel legged louns made best off.

"So Sawney came swaggering through a' the shell wifes, but she wasna there, but coming down the town beneath the guard, meets auld Be-go just in the teeth, and cries, 'Hey laddie, my dow, how's your mither, honest Mary?' 'I thank you,' co' Sawny, 'she's meat heal, and ay working some; how's a' at home? is Kate and the laddie weel?' "

Mat.—"Fu' weel, my dow; you're a braw saucy dog grown, a wally fa' me gin I kend ye."

"Come, come," quo' Sawney, "an' I'll gie you a nossock to heat your wame, it's a cauld day and ye are my mither's kintrywoman."

"Na fair fa' you, Sawney, I'll na refus't, a dram is better the day nor a clap on the back with a cold shule, sae follow me, my dow."

"So awa' she took me," co' Sawny, "down a lang stair, to ane of the how-houses beneath the yird, where it was as mirk as in a coal heugh, and they had a great fire. 'Sweet be wi' me,' co' Sawney, 'for it minds me o' the ill past!' and 'a great pot like a little cauldron, seething broth and roasting flesh, the wife drew them out as fast as she could in cogs and caps; for there came in a wheen souter-like fellows wi' black thumbs and creeshy aprons, that cutted them up in a wee time, but they never fash'd wi' us nor we with them. We first got a gill, and then a het pint. 'A vow,' said I, 'Matty, is nae Kate gaun to get a man yet?'"

Hereupon follows a coarse but humorous dialogue between the loving pair, the up-shot of which was that Old Be-go promised her daughter to Sawny, and that gentleman went home helplessly drunk to his mother, who put him to bed, where he lay all night in great physical agony.

PART III.

About break of day Sawny got better, but even after supping three mutchkins of milk made in thin brose, and a fine pickle pepper in them, he

"Had a sougning in his lugs like a saw mill, and

everything ran round about with him a' that day. Yet his mither got him out of the bed on o' the meikle chair, a pair of blankets about his shouthers, a cod at his back, and a hot brick to his soles, to gar him true he was na weel, and there he sat like a lying-in wife, cracking like a Hollander, and ate twa dead herrin' and a cufe, telling a' the outs and ins about his bridal, and whan it was to be; for he had gotten everybody's consent but the bride's about it."

Mither.—"But, Sawny, man, that's the main thing, ye maun hae that, too."

Sawny.—"Na, na, mither, am the only thing mysel', she's but a member, the men maun ay be foremost, gang what way it will, I'se be the uppermost."

Mither.—"But, Sawny, man, what way is thou gaun to do, will ye mak a pay penny wedding, or twa three good nibours, a peck o' meal baken wi' a cheese, and a barrel of ale, will that do?"

Sawny.—"Na, na, mither, I'll tak a cheaper gate nor ony o' them, I'll gar haf-a-crown and a half mutchkin, or a rake o' coals do it a', then a body has nae mair to do, but—tumble into bed."

Mither.—"Na, na, my man Sawny, I hae mony a time heard thy honest father say, that never a ane would do well that capstrided the kirk or cuckold the minister."

Sawny.—"Ah, tell na me, mither, of the ministers; they're ay for their ain hands as weel as ither fouks, an if a poor beggar body had a bit wean to chrisen, a deil a do it they feike him o't."

Müher.—"Hute awa, man, there's naeboddy has weans, but what has siller to pay the christening o' them; or if they be that poor, they sud get nae weans and they wadna be fash'd syne."

After this summary cutting of the Malthusian knot, an argument ensues as to the propriety of the widow marrying again, Sawny maintaining that as she had fasted so long, and had plenty of milk, meat, tobacco and snuff, she should yet "smell at the crack of the whip." It was agreed, however, that he should call on his intended. So on the morning Sawney got his clothes cleaned, "his hair combed and greased with butter, and his face as clean as the cat had licked it, and away he went, singing—

"I will buy a pound of woo',
I will wash't and mak' a plaidy,
I'm gaun ower the muir to woo,
Carline, is your daughter ready—"

When Sawny entered, "wha think ye was in company wi' Kate, the bride, but the wee button o' a tailor, who sat and sewed on a table, cocked like a turd on a trencher, but whan he kend wha was come, he leaped down on the floor, cust a dash o' pride like a little bit prince, bobet about, and so out

he goes with a tear in his eye, and his tail between his feet like a half-worried colly dog.

Sawny.—"Now, Katty, do ye ken what am come about?"

Kate.—"Oh yes, my mither telt me; but I'm no ready yet, I hae twa gowns to spin and things to mak'."

Sawny.—"Tute, things to mak'! ye hae as mony things as ye'll need, woman; canna ye spin gowns in our ain house wi' me, as weel as here wi' an auld girning mither?"

Kate.—"But, dear Saunders, ye maun gie a body time to think on't—'twad be ill-far'd to rush thegither just at the first."

Sawny.—"Apd do ye think I hae nothing a-do but come here every ither day holting after you! it'll no do; I maun be either aff wi' ye or on wi' ye; either tell me or tak' me, for I ken o' ither twa, an' some o' ye I will hae, for as am a sinner, my mither is gaun to be married, too, an' she can get a bit man o' ony shape or trade."

Kate.—"Deed, then, Saunders, since ye're in sic a haste, ye maun e'en tak them that's readiest, for am no ready yet."

Sawny.—"A, dear woman, whan your mither and my mither's pleased, and am willing to venture on ye, what a sorrow ails ye?"

Kate.—"Na, na, I'll think on't twa or three days; its o'er lang a term to see without a thought."

Sawny.—"Wode, I think ye're a cumstrarlie

piece o' stuff; it's true enough ye'r mither said o' ye, that ye're no for a poor man."

Kate.—"And what mair said she of me?"

Sawny.—"Wode, she said ye could do naething but wash mugs and scoure gentlemen's bonny things, but hissies that is bred amang gentle houses, minds me o' my mither's cat, but ye're far costlier to keep, for she wastes naythur saep nor water, but spits in her lufe and washes ay at her face, and wheens o' ye can do naether thing;" and up he gets.

Kate.—"O, Saunders, but ye be short, will ye no stay till my mither come hame?"

Sawny.—"I've staid lang aneugh, for ony thing I'll be the better; and am na sae short as your tottom o' a taylor, that I could stap in my shoe."

Home he went in a passion, and to his bed he ran, singing "O death, death! I thought the jade wad a jump'd at me; no comfort nor happiness mair for poor me. O mither gae mak' my kist and bake my burial bread, for I'll die this night or soon the morn." But early next morning "in comes auld Be-go, his good mither, who had left her daughter in tears, for the slighting of Sawny; and hauls him and his mither away to get a dinner of dead fish, where a' was agreed upon and the wedding to be upon Wednesday; no bridal fouks but the twa mithers and themselves twa."

So, according to appointment, they met at Edinburgh, where Sawny got the 'Cheap Priest,' who gavethem "twa-three words and twa-three lines, took their penny and a good drink, wished them joy, and gaed his wa's. 'Now,' said auld Be-go, 'if that be your minister, he's but a drunken ——; mony a ane drinks up a,' but he leaves naething; he's got that penny for devil a haet; ye might hae cracked lufes on't, [*tane ane anither's word, a kiss and a hoddle at a hillock side,] and be as well if no better; I hae seen some honest men say mair o'er their brose nor what he said a' thegither; but an ye pleased, am pleased; a bout in the bed ends a' and makes firm wark, sae here's to you and joy to the bargain—it's ended now, weel I wat?"

Much of the criticism passed on Jockey and Maggy will apply to the Coalman and his lusty bride. Many of the expressions used are exceedingly interesting, and would afford ample matter for separate treatment.

*The words [] are in the Glasgow, but not in the Edinburgh, edition.

So is the episode of the Cheap Priest, suggesting the sham clergymen of Fleet street, with their cheap marriages and dirty bands. 'Sawny,' the hero, is rather more intelligent than Jockey, but both are favorable representatives of a class of persons once common in Scotland, who, in spite of a certain cunning and sly humour, were more than half fools. His mother, again, is Chaucer's Wife of Bath—talkative, lustful, worldly, and, when aroused, a devil to scold. There is little or no difference between her and her counterpart in Jockey and Maggy.

THE ART OF COURTSHIP.

§ 3. The Art of COURTSHIP, containing *An Interesting Dialogue* that passed between William Lawson and his sweetheart, Bessy Gibb. *Also two Love-Letters which he sent to his Sweetheart, and her Answers* : Very beneficial for such blate wooers, or young beginners, as have not gotten the art of courtship. And two recelpts : *The one for young Men how to wale a good wife, and the other for young Women how to wale a good husband. To which is added, The Laughable Tale of the MONK and MILLER'S WIFE, and An Address to a SCOTCH HAGGIS, On New-Year's Day.* Stirling : printed and sold by M. Randall. 12mo. n.d.

This is a rare tract of unknown authorship, although it bears strong signs of having been written or edited by Dougal Graham, or at least suggested by his writings. It is a somewhat feeble reflection of the Coalman, and on the whole, not worth much as a literary production. Willie Lawson was a young cobbler about twenty-five years of age, who lived with his mother, Beatrix Brown, a wanton widow, a few miles from Frazerburgh. Anxious to get a wife, he takes counsel of his mother how he will know a good wife from a bad one.

Mither.—"Indeed, Willie, gif ye want a thrifty wife, you may wale a gay stout huffy wi' braid shoulders and thick about the haunches, an' braw and braid on the buttocks, that can sup her wame fu' o' brose or porrage, or eat a dry pease bannock, if better canna be gotten; that has been lang a servant in ae house, though twice or thrice awa', an' ay feed back again; that's nae cankert to the cats, nor kicks the colly dogs amang her feet; that wad let a' brute beasts live, an' it binna rats an' mice, an' bogs an' fleas, that bites the bairns in their beds, ar' in their cradles; that carefully kaims the young things' heads, and dights the snottier frae their nose, as gin they were a' her ain; that's the lass that will make a guid wife; for them

that daunts the young bairns will be kind to auld fook an they had them."

Willie.—"But, mither, I had a kindness for Jean Kid, fu' will she do, think ye?"

Mither.—"Na, na, Willie my bairn, she will never dae, man; her arms and legs are sma' up an' down like the cat's elbeek, she can dae nothing but puck an sew an wear bra clouts an black caps an drink tea; but ye maun get ane that can card an spin an wirk in barn an byre; but tak' my advice, Willie, an' ne'er gang to kirk nor market to wale a wife, for ye winna ken their shape wi' brow clouts and black caps, for ye canna see a bit o' them, but a bit o' their face an' the point o' their nose glowering out beneath their black cap, an' syne the back o' their head is as braid as a browster wife's backside."

Willie.—"Well, mither, can ye tell me far I'll get a guid wife?"

Mither.—"Indeed, Willie, ye may try Bessy Gibb in Hill-side, gin she will tak' you, for she is a gude servant baith out and in. Ye may gang there upon Friday, at four in the afternoon, it's a very happy time to court a wife."

Willie.—"Well, mither, I will gang there upon Friday, but fat will I say till her?"

Mither.—"I'll tell thee man fat to say; tell her that ye are sair needin' a wife, an' that ye loe her better nor ony ither lass; an' than ye may tak' her head in your oxter an' clap her cheeks, and than gie her a bit kiss; and gin she dinna like ye, she will had her head far awa; but gin she loe ye, she will meet ye hauf way wi' her mou', and gin she do that, for my blessing, Willie, lae the kisses

thick upon her—thick and mony fauld—she will loe ye the better !”

“The morn being Friday, aff sets Willie to the courting, wi’ a’ his braws on, wi’ a lang coat and a pair of gun-mouth’d breeks o’ his father’s, gawn as proud as ony baillie ; and at last’ he comes to the house where his sweetheart lived ; in he goes, and said, ‘Whar is Bessy Gibb?’ ‘Indeed,’ says the good wife, she’s away frae hame, ye may look gin ye see her coming in the hill-side?”

Away went Willie, met her, proposed, and was accepted right off, and two days afterwards sent her a love letter to this effect :

“A LOVE LETTER.

“DEAR BESSY.—This comes with my sincere love and affection to you, hoping ye’ll loe me ay the better, when you read these lines ; an’ dinna disappoint me for I’ve got little sleep this twa nights, thinking and dreaming about ye’s. I hope ye’ll let nae ither man grow o’er thrang wi’ you till I see you again. Whan the bearer comes wi’ this letter, he says he’ll hae a kiss ; ye may gie him ane, bit nae mae. I wis we had that merry night fan we’ll get leave to kiss ane anither, an’ naebody to see or hear. It was a pity we didna marry at Martinmas, we wad hae gotten the lang night to kiss ane anither. My dear love,

“There is but only ane, an’ ye are only she,
That lo’es but only he, and ye are only she,
Requite me with the same, and say but unto me,
I lo’e but only ane, an’ ye are only he.

"Send me an answer wi' the bearer. Nae mair
frae yere sincere lover, WILLIAM LAWSON."
MAY 2, 1788.

ANSWER.

"DEAR WILLIAM—I canna write, but I sent this
few lines wi' a friend to let you ken that I am
deeply in love wi' ye, an' I shall na disappoint ye.
Yours is the first love letter that e'er I gat. Nae
mair from your dear and affectionate lover till
death. BESSY GIBB."

Eight days after Willie sent another
letter, and on getting a reply to it fixed
the marriage day, and brought home his
sweetheart with him two days before that
fixed for the marriage. So they were cried
three times upon Sunday, and married on
Monday, 'and naebody at the bedding but
themselves' that night. Neither was there
a piper or fiddler at the marriage, but only
three men to go in before the minister with
the happy pair. "For," said Willie, "we
needna mak' meat to a parcel o' idle founk,
we dinna ken fat we may need yet; fools
make feasts, and wise founk eat them." A
coarse and uninteresting episode follows,
and the narrative concludes with these two
receipts :



**"A RECEIPT FOR YOUNG MEN HOW TO WALE A
GOOD WIFE.**

"If you want a good wife, never marry a thrifty wife's daughter; for a thrifty wife works fair evening and morning, and keeps her daughter idle and clean, and lets her take her nap in the morning after the lave rises; but you may go and marry a drunken lazy wife's daughter; for her mither sits at the fire and bids her do everything, out and in."

**"A RECEIPT FOR YOUNG WOMEN HOW TO WALE
A GOOD HUSBAND.**

"All young women that want a good husband, never marry a drunkard, nor one that is a night-walker, for you will have little pleasure of them; neither one who has got money left him by a friend, for he will spend it faster nor it was won; but be sure to marry a thrifty lad, whether he have money or want money; be sure that he has something in his breeches or else you will have little pleasure of him. And if you get a man that has money, be sure that his money be of his own purchase, he will know better how to guide it."

SIMPLE JOHN.

§ 4. (a). The Comical History of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes, giving a particular account of his Courtship and Marriage to a scolding wife, which has been a mortifying misery to many a poor man." 12mo. n.d.

(b). "The Comical History of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes, which happened all in twelve days after the unhappy day of his marriage, giving

a particular account of his marriage to a scolding wife, which has been a mortifying misery to many a poor man." Glasgow : 12mo. 1805 (pp. 24.)

(c). *The Miseries of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes*, which happened all in twelve days after the unhappy day of his marriage. Edinburgh : printed for the booksellers. 1821 (pp. 24.)

(d). *The Comical History of Poor, Simple, Innocent, Silly Sam.* (pp. 8; no cover; no date.)

The three first versions are almost identical, and the last is merely the introductory narrative without the 'misfortunes' that follow.

ARGUMENT.

Simple John was a widow's son, by trade a coarse weaver, in wits a fool; and before he was eighteen years old he was above six feet in height, having grown in such a hurry he had not stayed to take his judgment with him. His only sister had as little sense as himself, being 'married on Sleeky Willie, the wylie weaver;' his mother was a rattling rattle-sculd wife, and they all lived in one house, and everybody held them as a family of fools. When twenty-one years of age, John determined to marry, and was advised by his mother to go to the black butcher on Ti'ot-side, who

had three daughters, Kate, Ann and Girzy, each with a hundred merks by way of tocher. Unfortunately, both Kate and Ann had had a misfortune, (*anglicé*, a child) and Girzy, the eldest, was hump-backed, high-breasted, baker-legged, short, wry-necked, thrawn-mouthed, goggle-eyed, a perfect female *Æsop*, as crooked in mind as body, a very lump of 'loun-like ill-nature row'd a' thegither, like a second edition o' crooked-backed King Richard, who was born with teeth to bite all about him, and yet the wight gaed mad to be married.'

Undeterred by this list of bad qualities, John, dressed in his 'Sunday braws' and a 'pair o' new pillonian breeks o' his mither's making,' proceeds to the butcher's, and before even sitting down, exclaims: "'Am wanting a wife, an' ye're a flesher, and has a gude sorting aside you, my mither says ye can sair me or ony body like me; what say ye till't, good man? I fain wa'd tak' a look o' some o' them gin ye like." The good wife, eager for business, invited him to 'come in by' and rest, and give her a

snuff. John sat down, and, on being asked his name, "Jock Sandyman," says he, "and they ca' me Simple John, the sack weaver. I hae nae tocher but my loom, a turn-wheel, a kettle, pat, a brass pan, twa pigs, four cogs, a candlestick, a good cock, a cat, and twa errocks, new begun to lay; and I maun hae a hag-wife, or my mither die; so what say ye till't, good man? Can ye buckle me or no?"

The three beauties having been placed before him, John discussed their qualities as they had been horses, and preferring morality to æsthetics, fixed on Girzy. So it was settled that he was to come back on Monday, when they should all have a chop-pin of ale, and roasted cheese, on the '*chance of the wedding*.' On parting, John wishing to kiss his betrothed through the window, one of the rejected damsels standing by in a dark corner, held out a skinned cow's head, which he kissed, exclaiming that her mouth was cold and had got a beard since he had seen it before.

The wedding over, a supper was provided in the shape of a large fat haggis, and

every one went to bed; Sleeky Willie, among the rest, apparently all in the one room. Then followed a series of mishaps which will not bear repetition, and are borrowed mainly from Chaucer. On the morrow the young couple began housekeeping; John binding himself to keep the house in meat, meal, fire, and water; while Girzy was to cook the meat and provide the clothes, and the father-in-law was to pay the rent for three years. It was also stipulated that they should do without a servant as long as they did without children, and their first born was to be "a John, after its ain daddy, and if a girl, Girzy, after its ain minny."

MISFORTUNE I.

John being sent to the well with two pigs was surrounded by a number of children who shouted and clapped their hands, whereupon poor John thinking it fine sport, clapped the two pigs together so that they went to pieces.

MISFORTUNE II.

John on his way home from the market with a piece of flesh, seeing a poor colly

dog set upon by six or seven fleshier tykes, set down the meat and seized the colly in order to rescue it. But the distracted colly, supposing him to be another foe, bit him severely, as did also the other dogs, while one of them ran off with his flesh. (Told also of Tom Tram.)

MISFORTUNE III.

John going to the well with a great stoup overbalanced himself and fell in, and the well being narrow, would have been drowned, if some people hearing the 'slunge' by chance, had not pulled him out.

MISFORTUNE IV.

Next day Girzy, not being able to trust John, went to the market herself, leaving him at home to keep the pot boiling. Poor John, having put on the new pot on a roaring hot fire, went out with his stoup for water, and having filled it, set it down and played with the boys at 'cat and dog' until the alarm was raised that Girzy was coming, whereupon the alarmed husband seizing the stoup, rushed into the house, and poured the water into the red-hot pot, which flew to pieces just as Girzy entered

the place. (Suggested by the 'Wife of Auchtermuchty.')

MISFORTUNE V.

John being sent to wash puddings in the stream and turn them on a spindle, having turned and washed them, laid them down behind him one by one, where a big dog stood and eat them up as fast as John set them down.

MISFORTUNE VI.

John being sent to fetch home a fat calf, received the money for it tied up in a napkin, and meeting a runaway horse on the bridge knocked it on the face with the napkin, which caused the latter to burst and sent the pence flying into the water.

MISFORTUNE VII.

John being sent to recover the money and seeing some ducks bobbing their heads below the water, thought they were gathering the lost pence, and killing one of them opened it but found no coins. Certain, however, that they had been searching for the money, he stripped off his clothes and went in a ducking, but got nothing, during

which time a ragman stole his clothes, so that poor John went home naked.

MISFORTUNE VIII.

John returning home with a pigful of buttermilk, saw two bulls fighting, and in the attempt to help the one, got knocked by the other, besides having his legs broken and the milk spilled.

MISFORTUNE IX.

A council of witty wives being held, decided that John was bewitched. So John went to the minister, and after charging him with being a warlock, and the cause of his misfortunes, demanded him to unmarry him and Girzy. The minister exhorted him to peace, adding that marriages were made in heaven. "In heaven!" exclaimed John, "ye're a baist liar, for I was married in ye'r ain kitchen, etc.," and with that out he went cursing like a madman and breaking the minister's windows with stones, for which he was put into the stocks for two hours, and was only released at last by his lump of corruption," who rubbed his legs,

drew his nose, got him out, and drove him home before her.

MISFORTUNE X.

John, getting no sleep by reason of his wife's tongue, rose through the night and sat down at his loom with the candle in his hand, and falling asleep, set the web, beddles, reels, and treadle cords in flames. It was only by the exertions of 'his old Viper,' who opportunely awaked, that the house was saved.

MISFORTUNE XI.

John being sent in search of the hen's nest in an old kiln, fell into the 'logie' through the breaking of the 'kill-ribs,' and creeped home all lame and bloody.

MISFORTUNE XII.

John being told that his mother was dead, expressed his belief that if she 'wad but look down through the lift, and see how he was guided, she wad send death for him, too.' By the intervention of the mother-in-law, however, peace was restored, and John got all his treadles, and worklooms, and possessions, (except his wife's tongue,

which was of wormwood, and the rest of her body of tempestuous sea water,) in working order.

Stories of *Simple Johns*, *Simple Tams*, and *Simple Simons*, were very popular in the seventeenth century. The above is an imitation of what was originally an English, not a Scotch chap-book, and entitled—

“Simple Simon’s Misfortunes, or His Wife Margery’s Outrageous Cruelty. 12mo. London: Printed and sold by Mary D., at the Horse-shoe, in Giltspur street.” (No date.)

There is also a Newcastle edition, dated about 1760. The following are the heads of the various chapters and stories, and indicate how close is the resemblance between the two books.

CHAPTER I.

1. An account of Simon’s wedding, and how his wife Margery scolded him for putting on his roast-meat clothes the very next morning after he was married. 2. How she dragged him up the chimney in a basket a smoak-drying, wherein they used to dry bacon, which made him look like a red herring. 3. How Simon lost a sack of corn as he was going to the mill to have it ground. 4. How Simon went to market with a basket of eggs, but broke them by

the way ; also how he was put into the stocks. 5. How Simon's wife cudgelled him for not bringing home money for his eggs. 6. How Simon lost his wife's pail, and burnt the bottom of her kettle. 7. How Simon's wife sent him to buy two pounds of soap, but going over a bridge he let his money fall into the river ; also how a rag-man ran away with his cloath.

The " Misfortunes of Simple John " has been attributed to Dougal Graham, but the internal evidence of the work alone is sufficient to disprove this theory. All that Graham wrote was the introduction, which was and still is printed in a separate form under the title of " Silly Tam."

THE HAVEREL WIVES.

§ 5 (1) *The History of the Haverel Wives; or, The Folly of Witless Women Displayed. Written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives' Clerk. Being a comical conference between Maggy and Janet, His Two Old Aunties.* n.d. 8 pp.

(2) *An Oration on the Virtues of the Old Women, and the pride of the Young, with a direction for young men what sort of women to take, and for women what sort of men to marry.* 12mo. Glasgow, 1783.

These two tracts were often published together, sometimes under the title of

“Grannie M’Nab’s Lectures to the Society of Clashing Wives, Glasgow.” As they are now extremely rare, and are less grossly indecent than other chap-books of the same kind, they are given almost entire. Portions, it will be observed, are to be found in other works, as for instance, much of the advice to persons about to marry, which is identical with certain passages in the “Art of Courtship.” The edition quoted from is entitled as follows :

The History of the Haverel Wives ; or, The Folly of Witless Women Displayed. Written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives’ Clerk. Being a comical conference between Maggy and Janet, His Two Old Aunts. With Janet’s advice to Maggy, concerning marriage, with the manner in which she courted her husband, which began by taking him by the twa lugs and kissing him. To which is added, An Oration on the Virtues of the Old Women and the Pride of the Young. Dictated by Janet Clinker, and written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives’ Clerk. Stirling : printed by William Macnie, and sold wholesale and retail.

It is a certain old saying, That where women are conven’d in crowds, there can be but little silence ; and some have acknowledged that it was a great bondage for them to hold their peace in the church ;

and where there is much talk by ignorant speakers, it is diverting for persons of understanding to hear them. Therefore, we have furnished the public with a small collection of old wives' noted sayings and wonders, which they relate happened in their own time, also what has been told them by their forefathers.

"Two old wives, Maggy and Janet, at their rocks, began their cracks as follows :

Janet.—A dear, Maggy, how auld will ye be now? O it's lang since I kend ye.

Maggy.—Indeed, Janet, that's what naeboddy kens; for my father and mother had sae mony o' us, they ne'er counted how auld ane o' us was, they minded ay wha o' us was born first; and wha was neist ane anither, and that was a' that e'er we sought to ken about it; but I ha'e mind o' the mirk Munanday.

Janet.—Hout tout, woman, the mirk Munanday, I mind since there was na Munandays at a', and Sabbath days was nae come in fashion; there was a day they ca'd Sunday, came ance i' the ook for it; we ken'd ay when it came, for my father cow'd ay his beard when the bell rang, and then everybody ran to the kirk that had onything to do, gin it were to buy saut or shune, for the chapman chiels set up a' their crelms, at the kirk door, and the lasses wad a gotten keeking glasses, red snoods, needles, prins, elshinirons, gimblets, brown bread, and black saep, forby sweetie wives' things, and rattles for restless little anes; the men wad a bought pints o' ale and gotten a whang o' gnde cheese to chew i' the time o' drinking o't. Ay, ay, there was braw

markets on Sunday i' the time o' paepery, we had nae ministers then but priests, mess Johns, black friars and white friars, monks, abbots and bishops, they had nae wives, yet the best o' them wad a spoken bawdy language and kissed the lasses; fickle, sykin bodles they were, unco ill to please; they wad baith curs'd folk and bless'd them just as we paid them; adeed, they were unco greedy o' the penny, and prayed ay to the dead folk and gar'd the living pay them for't; and tho' they had played the loon wi' a puir hizzy, she durst na speak out for her very life, for they could gi'e ony o'er to the de'il when they liket. They did na gar folk learn to read, and pray, like our new ministers, but thump on your breast, strake your fingers o'er aboon your nose, tell your beeds, and rin bare-fit amang the hard stanes and cauld snaw.

* * * * *

Maggy asked if they were not holy men, to which Janet gave a decided negative, saying that 'a great sort o' them ca'd. cardinals' claimed the same privilege of a newly married bride as did the old Highland lairds. Maggy disgusted, wondered that 'the gentle fouk and lairds let them do the like o' that?'

Jan.—A dear, woman! the gentle folks and the lairds kept ay in wi' them, for they said they had command o' the de'il and the dead folk, and the

gentles durt na cast out wi' them, for they got a' their sins pardoned for the less siller.

Mag.—"A dear woman that was unco like, the de'll wad get nae body then but the poor fouk, and them that had nae siller."

Jan.—"A well a wat that was true, for an they paid the priest well, the de'll durst na middle wi' them."

Mag.—"A wow woman! What's come o' them a' now? I'm sure the like o' thae fouks that had sae meikle power needed neither die nor yet be sick; they wad live a' their days."

Jan.—"A wat well did they, for the maist o' them is dead and rotten, and the rest o' them gade awa' to Italy, where the auld Pope their father, the de'll, the witches, brownies and fairies dwal; and then we gat anither sort o' gospel fouks they ca'd culrits, a fine sort o' dainty honest bodies they war, but gayan' greedy; they coud na like sculdudery wark, but said na meikle against it, for a hantle bits o' callans wad a gotten twa or three bastards before they wad a gotten breeks; they bid to ha'e tithes o' everything that grew, mony time my father wisht they wad take tithes o' his hemp to, if it were to hang themsels. They were ay warst whare a poor man or wife died, though they left weans fatherless and mitherless; adeed they wad a sent their bellman, and wi' his lang prelatie fingers he wad harlt the upper pair o' blankets aff a' the poor things' bed, for some rent that they gard fouks pay for dying, a sae did they een, and yet they keep it a hantle o' braw haly days, and days o' meikle meat, Fastern's-eeen and Yule days, when we got our

weims fu' o' fat brose, and suppit Yule sowns, till our sarks had been like to rive; and after that, eaten toasted cheese and white puddings well spiced. O' braw times for the guts! Well I wat onybody might live then that had onything to live on.

Mag.—"But dear Janet ye're bra' an lang o' the memory, do ye mind o' the waefu' blast, when the foul thief was raging in the air, and the de'il dang down a' the kail yard dykes, cutted the corn stacks, tirl'd the houses, and blew giddy Willy's wig in the wall, they said it was some young minister it had rais'd the de'il, and for want o' a cock, a cat, or some unkirsen'd creature to gi'e him, they could na get him laid again, and he brake the bridle, slipped his head, and ran awa' frae them."

Jan.—"A deed woman I heard tell o' that, and how woud Willie M'Neel meet him on the steps in the mids o' the water, and shot him o'er, and thought to drown him, but he gade down the water like a meikle branded bill roaring, a' burning fire; but I hae mind the first time it the de'il came to this kintrey was on a Sunday, I was a wi' bit gaun lassie, my father and a' the men fouk was at the kirk, the ware twa o' them, a hummel'd ane an a horn'd ane, a goodman de'il, and a goodwife de'il, as we took them to be, we ran a' into the house, and my mither barr'd the door, and hunted the dogs out at the byre hole, thinking the de'il wad rin frae the dogs, but na, na, they got up on their tae end like twa auld men, they were a' rough lang hair like a pyet horse, wi' lang beards aneath their

chin, and the meikle horn'd de'il box'd the dogs in at the hole again, we ran a' ben the house and grat, but our Jock wha was a little gabby gaun laddock, cry'd ay, mither, mither, what is the de'il seeking here, he'll be wanting to take a' the auld wives and cats to mak' witches o' them; I true when my grandmither heard that, she gat up and ran ben to the spence and crap in the bear-meal barrel to hide herself frae the de'il, and curr'd there till the kirk skil'd, a deed she was sae fear'd, she made her burn in the barrel; and what was't true ye after a', but a tupe and ewe of the highland gaits, it the laird had gotten to gie the lady milk, but mony a day we leugh at the twa de'ls."

Mag.—But dear woman, what an a body is the de'il it ev'ry body is sae fear'd for him, it's na him they ca' Auld Nick, what fore do they ca' him Auld Nick?"

Jan.—A deed woman I dinna ken what like o' body he is, but they say he's a' black, and they ca' him Auld Nick, because he's aulder nor Adam, and Adam was the first man in the warld, and they say the de'il will never die, nor yet be sick, nor yet tak sair een."

Mag.—A wow Janet, but ye're a witty creature; but can ye tell me what way the Blackamoors is made? some fouk says they're a' dipped in cat's blood and burnt wi' bear-strae, but I'm thinking the litster douks them in amang the brose that they lit the black claith wi', and then sells them to the lairds and gentle fouks to flay their bairns wi', or

dis the gentle fouks eat them when they're dead, think ye?"

Jan.—"Hout, awa, daft creature! the Blackamoor is fouk just like oursel', only they hae black skins on them. Did ye never see black sheep and white sheep, black horse and white horse? Ye think they're a' de'ils because the de'il's black; I thought mysel' lang syne they were made for the penny, and sell'd the dearer o' the black skin."

Mag.—"But Janet did ye e'er see tne de'il? I wad fain ken what like he is; some says he's like a bill, a bear, or an auld beggar man."

Jan.—"Indeed, I never saw sae muckle as the de'il a' my days, but I've heard the ministers flyting and misca'ing him, and whan they said a' they could say o' him, they ca'd him an ill spìrit, and a great liar, mony ane has war names than a' that yet."

Mag.—"But do you think there is ony de'ils but ane? everybody is speaking and crying on him, an' he couldna answer them a'."

Jan.—"A deed, they say there's black anes and white anes o' them, humel anes and horned anes, the very witches is ha'f de'ils whan they're living and hale anes when they're dead; the brownies is ha'f dogs, ha'f de'ils, a' rough but the mouth, seeks nae claise, ae man's meat 'ill sare them and they'll do ten men's wark in ae night; forby hobgoblins, fairies and elfs, that shoots fouks' beasts to death, and no a hole to be seen in the skin o' them. Hear'na ye tell o' the twa Highland wives? how the tayne cry'd, 'Ochon, Shenet, my cow's shot!' 'Houp, houp,' quo' she, 'an' wha shot her?' 'A,
B 8

deed, it was the de'il.' 'Och, hoch, och, hoch, Shenet, we'll a' be kill'd whan the de'il has gotten a gun.' "

Mag.—"A sweet, be wi' us woman ! It's an unco' thing they dinna a' flee on the minister and worry him, whan he flytes and misca's them sae, do you think they hear him ?"

Jan.—"A, doubtless, they baith hear and see too, they're neither blind nor bleer-eyed, but ay whan ye speak o' them, name the day, cry its Wansday thro' a' the warld and there's nae fear o' you."

Mag.—"What do you think o' our minister ; is he a gude man, think ye ?"

Jan.—"Indeed, I think he's a gay gabby body, but he has twa fauts, and his wife has three ; he's unco' greedy o' siller, an he's ay preaching down pride and up charity, an yet he's that fu' o' pride himsel', that he has gotten a glass winnock on ilka side o' his nose, and his een is as clear as twa clocks to luk to ; he has twa giglet gilly gawkies o' dochters, wha come to the kirk wi' their coble-tehow mutches frizzled up as braid's their hips, an' clear things like stars about their necks, and at ilka lug, a wallop in white thing hinging like a snotter at a bubly wean's nose, syne about their necks a bit thin claith like a mouse-web, and their twa bits o' paps playing ay nidity nod, shining thro' like twa yearning bags ; shame fa' them and their fligmageries baith, for I get nae gude o' the preaching looking at them ; and syne a' the dirty shairney-hought hizzies i' the parish maun ha'e the like or lang gae ; but an' I ware to preach, sic

pride sudna ha'e baith peace and prosperity in my parish. I wad point my finger at them in the kirk, and name them baith name and sirname, and say, 'There sits shairney Meg o' the mill, stumpy May o' the Moss; snivelling Kate, wi' her hodle mak'-easter coat; they come into the kirk, bobbing their hint-quarters like water-wag-tails, shaking their heads like a hunder pund horse, smacking their lips and hauding their mouth like May-paddock; and what shall I compare them to? painted Jezebels; the whore of Babylon, or Rachel, the harlot; wi' a' their gaudy, decoying colours, high taps, and spread glittering tails, when they come sailling into the house o' prayer, as it were a house o' dancing and deboshery. Gae, ye painted peese-wips, to fairs or waddins, and there display your proud banners o' pride, which you are puffed up with: it is the very spirit of the devil, and unbecoming o' the house o' prayer; but if the gilly gawkies shou'd come into the kirk wi' their heels up and their heads down, our Mess John is like ane o' the dogs o' Egypt, he wou'dna move his tongue, and I believe he darna, for Clippock, his wife, whase element is to banter a' the poor folk frae her door; none can stand her but the tinkler-wives, and she's ay whinging about charity, but it's to hersel'; she wadna pity the cripple on the blind's back, but bids gae hame to their ain parish, filthy beggar dirt; she casts a' her cauld parritch and kail to the cocks and hens; kicks the poor colly dogs out at the door; ca's them filthy, useless brutes, because they canna lay eggs like hen's eggs; she's ay flyting on the servant lassies, hungers

her servant lad, eats cocks and hens hersel', and gars the poor minister eat saut herring."

Mag.—"A weel, I wat then I wish he minna turn a drucken body, for herrin' maks fouk dry. But weel I wat, Janet, ye ha'e teld their fauts on baith sides, and I ha'e ae great faut to our minister yet, an tho' I were dead and rotten the night afore the morn, I'll neither forgie him nor yet forget him for what he said o' me, that I sude be ta'en and douket for offrin to marry again, or ony woman at my age. An old man, said he, ought to marry some kindly body, to keep him clean in his auld age; but an auld woman, said he, that can wash a dud sark to themsels, needs nae men. And now, Janet, I'm no to ca' very auld; altho' I be stricken in years, I dinna ken my ain age, being kirsened i' the time o' Papery; but I ha'e the penny, tho' bare o' flesh and blude, and ha'e four guid teeth afore, and weel willing gumes i' the backside. I canna gang very far without a staff, an yet I wad as fain be married as whan I was fifteen year auld. O woman! but a man i' the bed be an usefu' body; they ha'e a sweet breath an' a natural heat to keep a body warm; but an our minister war an auld wife, he wad ken what the want o' a bit man is as weel as me. And a' this began about Wanton Wat, the town taylor, wha promised to tak me agen sic a time, or tell me what for; mony a pickle weel butter'd kail-bleds I gied him, held out frae my ain weim and staplt in a his, he said he wad do as meikle to me agen, but he has nae don't fa'se loon carle it he was, cheated me out o' sax pund and twa sarks, and then gart me mak' a fool o' mysel',

Whan the laird's douket was bigget, and made a' white to gar the dows come, he said, an my window war as white they wad come to me tae, and I, like a poor fool, took a bason fu' o' gude bear meal, and made it into drammock, and whiten'd a' my window with it, but the never a dow came near hand me the mair o't, but a' the town dogs came licking and picking at it night and day; I was plagued wi' them, till a gude shoor came and washt it awa' agen, and the laird and every ane came to look and laugh at it.

JANET'S ADVICE TO MAGGY, CONCERN- ING MARRIAGE.

While these two old Haverels were thus discoursing together at their rocks, amongst other things, Maggy told Janet that altho' she was now above a hundred years of age, she had a great desire for a husband, but that she would be obliged to use some methods and enticements to make the young men fall in love wi' her. Upon which, Janet gave her the following witty advice.

“Indeed, Maggy, an ye be a mind to marry, ye maun snod yoursel' better up, cast awa your staff, singe your whiskers wi' a candle or firstick, stand straight up like a rash, kekle and look canty-like whan carles is gawn by, tak' a mouthfu' o good meat, and a drap dram i' the mornin' will keep the dirt aff your face, and raise the red in your cheek, ye see the hens turns ay red lugget or they begin to lay. A body that wants a bit man, maun use mony a shift for ane, I ken how I did mysel', whan

I was fourteen lang year a widow, an thought ne'er to gotten ane, I fled our John when he was a saft silly docus callan to ca' the pleugh, and keepit him three years till he turn'd a wally wincer, and fain wad I had him, but he wadna speak o't to me, but ae day we ware in the house our lone, an I ties a gude hard stane knot on the strings o' my toy beneath my chln, and fykes wit a-wee, then says, 'O Johnny, my man, look an ye can louse this knot wi' your teeth,' he lays a band on every shoulder and louses the knot, and I grips him by the twa lugs, and gies him a kiss, and says, 'Poor man, Johnny, thou has a sweet breath, thou needna want a bit kiss o' me whan thou likes lad, I true that cull'd him hither ay the mair; ha, ha, thou has nae art woman.

✓ *f* Enters Humphray Clinker, hearing a' that past, persuades his aunt Maggy, that no man would marry such as her, for she looked like a picture of death riding upon hunger's back, a rickle of banes row'd up in a rungly skin, had wasted her body with water lythocks into a scrufe of skin and bane, for want of teeth to chow bread for the nourishment of her body, and that he was com'd on purpose to write her testament or latter-will, that it was a lightness in her brain before death; therefore she ought to go to bed and die directly, which she accordingly did by taking thought of what was said unto her; the priest being sent for, came and discoursed with her, but still she keeping her purse in her hand, which he observing, desired she would give it to her friends or she died, to which she made answer, by her sooth that she wad not, for she wad

tak it wi' her, she had heard every body say, they were the better o' the penny wi' them gang whare they like, and so died, supposed to be a hundred and six years old.

AN ORATION ON THE VIRTUES OF THE
OLD WOMEN, AND THE PRIDE
OF THE YOUNG.

The madness of this unmuzzled age has driven me to mountains of thoughts, and a continual meditation ; it is enough to make an auld wife rin redwood, and drive a body beyond the halter's end of ill-nature, to see what I see, and hear what I hear : therefore the hinges of my anger are broke, and the bands of my good and mild nature are burst in two, the door of civility is laid quite open, plain speech and mild admonition is of none effect ; nothing must be used now but thunder-bolts of reproach tartly trimm'd up in a tantalizing style, roughly redd up and manufactured thro' an auld Matron's mouth, who is indeed but frail in the teeth, but will squeeze surprisingly with her auld gums until her very chaft-blades crack in the crushing of your vice.

I shall branch out my discourse into four heads.

First, What I have seen, and been witness to.

Secondly, What I now see, and am witness to.

Thirdly, What I have heard, does hear, and cannot help ; I mean the difference between the old women and the young.

Fourthly, Conclude with an advice to young men and young women, how to avoid the buying of

Janet Juniper's stinking butter,* which will have a rotten rift on their stomach as long as they live.

First, The first thing then, I see and observe is, that a wheen daft giddy-headed, cock-nosed, juniper-nebbed mothers, bring 'up a wheen sky-racket dancing daughters, a' bred up to be ladies, without so much as the breadth of their lufe of land, it's an admiration to me, whare the lairds are a' to come frae that's to be coupled to them ; work, na, na, my bairn maunna work, she's to be a lady, they ca' her Miss ; I maun hae her lugs bor'd, says auld Mumps the mither ; thus the poor pet is brought up like a mitherless lamb, or a parrot in a cage ; they learn naething but prick and sew, and fling their feet when the fiddle plays, so they become a parcel of yellow-faced female taylors, unequal matches for countrymen, Flanders-babbies, brought up in a box, and must be carried in a basket ? knows nothing but pinching poverty, hunger and pride ; can neither milk kye, muck a byre, card, spin, nor yet keep a cow from a corn-rigg ; the most of such are as blind penny-worths, as buying pigs in pocks, and ought only to be matched with Tacket-makers, Tree-trimmers, and Male-taylors, that they may be male and female, agreeable in trade, since their piper-fac'd fingers are not for heard labour ; yet they might also pass on a pinch for a black Sutor's wife, for the stitching of white seams round the mouth of a lady's shoe ;

* A nick-name to the wife's daughter that no man will marry because stuff'd full of laziness, self-conceit and stinking pride ; or if she be married she'll be like stinking butter on his stomach while she lives.

or, with Barbers or Bakers they might be buckled, because of their muslin-mouth and pinch-beck speeches, when barm is scant, they can blow up their bread with fair wind, and when the razor is rough, can trim their chafts with a fair tale, oil their peruke with their white lips, and powder the beau's pow with a French-puff; they are all versed in all the science of flattery, musical tunes, horn-pipes, and country dances, though perfect in none but the reel of Gammon.

Yet these are they, the fickle farmer fixes his fancy upon; a bundle of clouts, a skeleton of bones, Maggy and the Mutch, like twa fir-sticks and a pickle tow, neither for his plate nor his plough; very unproper plenishing, neither for her profit nor her pleasure, to plout her hands through Hawkey's caff-cog, is a hateful hardship for Mammy's pet, and will hack a' her hands. All this I have seen and heard, and been witness to; but my pen being a goose-quill, cannot expose their names nor place of abode, but warns the workingman out of the way.

Secondly, I see another sort, who can work, and maun wark till they be married, and become mistresses themselves; but as the young man receives them, the thrift leaves them; before that, they wrought as for a wager, they span as for a premium, busked as for a brag, scour'd their din skins as a wauker does worsted blankets, kept as min in the mouth as a minister's wife, comely as Diana, chaste as Susanna, yet the whole of their toil is the trimming of their rigging, though their hulls be everlastingly in a leaking condition; their back and

their bellies are box'd about with the fins of a big fish, six petticoats, a gown and apron, besides a side sark down to the ankle-bane ; ah ! what monstrous rags are here, what a cloth is consumed for a covering to one pair of buttocks ! I leave it to the judgment of any ten taylors in town, if thirty pair of men's breeches may not be cut, from a little above the casing of Bessy's bum, and this makes her a motherly woman, as stately a fabric as ever strade to market or mill.

But when she's married, she turns a madam, her mistress did not work much, and why should she ? Her mother tell'd ay she wad be a lady, but cou'd never show where her lands lay ; but when money is all spent, credit broken, and conduct out of keeping, a wheen babling bubly bairns, crying piece minny, parich minny, the witless wanton waster is at her wit's end. Work now or want, and do not say that the world has war'd you : but lofty Noddle, your giddy-headed mother has led you astray, by learning you to be a lady, before you was fit to be a servant lass, by teaching you laziness instead of hard labor, by giving you such a high conceit of yourself, that no body thinks any thing of you now, and you may judge yourself to be one of those, that wise people call Littleworth ; but after all, my dear dirty face, when you begin the world again, be perfectly rich before you be gentle, work hard for what you gain, and you'll ken better how to guide it, for pride is an unperfect fortune, and a ludicrous life will not last long.

Another sort I see, who has got more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, more muslins

and means than good manners ; though a sack can hold their siller, six houses and a half cannot contain their ambitious desires. Fortunatus's wonderful purse would fail in fetching in the fourth part of their worldly wants, and their children imitate their mother's chattering like hungry cranes, crying still, I want, I want, ever craving, willfully wasting, till all be brought to a doleful dish of desolation, and with cleanness of teeth, a full breast, an empty belly, big pockets without pence, pinching penury, perfect poverty, drouth, hunger, want of money, and friends both, old age, dim eyes, feeble joints, without shoes or clothes, the real fruits of a bad marriage, which brings thoughtless Fops to both faith and repentance in one day.

Thirdly, Another thing I see, hear, and cannot help, is the breeding of bairns, and bringing them up like bull-stirks, they gie them walth o' meat, but nae manners; but when I was a bairn, if I didna bend to obedience, I ken mysel' what I gat, which learned me what to gie mine again; if they had tell'd me tuts or prote-no, I laid them o'er my knee, and a-com'd crack for crack o'er their hurdles, like a knock bleaching a harn web, till the red wats stood on their hips, this brought obedience into my house, and banish'd dods and ill-nature out at the door; I dang the deil out o' them, and dabbed them like a wet dish clout till they did my bidding. But now the bairns are brought up to spit fire in their mither's face, and cast dirt at their auld daddies. How can they be good who never saw a sample of it? or reverence old age, who practiced no precepts in their youth? How can they

love their parents who gave them black poison instead of good principles? Who shewed them no good, nor taught them no duties? No marvel such children despise old age, and reverence their parents as an old horse does his father.

Fourthly, The last prevalling evil which I see, all men may hear, but none strive to help, the banishment of that noble holy day, called the Sabbath, which has been blasted by a whirlwind from the south; I am yet alive, who saw this hurricane coming thro' the walled city near Solway in the South; it being on a Sunday, and a beautiful sunshine day amongst some foul weeks in harvest weather, which caused the Lord Mayor of that place work hard, and put in the whole fields of wheat harvest, and the priests of that church commended him therefore. Because the season was backward, why should not man be disobedient! And this infection is come here also, sure the loss of this Sabbath day will be counted a black Saturday to some; when I walk in the fields, I know it not but by the stopping of the plough, when in the city, only by the closeness of a few shop-doors and the sound of the bells; degenerate ideas of religion indeed! when the high praise is sounded only by bell metal; a *sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal*. It is not come to pass, the taverns roar like *Ætna's* mouth; children follow their gaming, and old sinners their strolling about, nothing stopt but coal carts and common carriers, the Sabbath lasts no longer than the sermon, and the sermon is measured by a little sand in a glass; many, too many frequent the church, seemingly only to show

their antic dress, with heads of a monstrous form, more surprising than those described by Aristotle, as for length exceeding that of an asses head, ears and all ; and ah ! How humbling would it be, to see their heads struck into such a hideous form, etc.

They disdain now to ride on pads as of old, or to be hobbled on a horse's hurdies, but must be hurled behind the tail, safely seated in a leathern conveniency, and there they fly swiftly as in the chariot of Aminadab.

They will not speak the mother language of their native country, but must have southern oaths, refined like raw sugar thro' the mills of cursing, finely polished, and fairly struck in the profane mint of London, into a perfect form of flunkey language ; even the very wild Arabs from the mountain-tops, who have not yet got English to profane his Maker's name, will cry, *Cot, cot* ; hateful it is to hear them swear, who cannot speak. O ! strange alteration since the days of old ! the downfall of Popery, and the Prelates' decay, when reformation was alive, and religion in taste and fashion ; the people during the Sabbath, were all packed up in closets, and their children kept within doors, when every city appeared like a sanctuary, nothing to be heard in the streets, but the sound of prayer on the right hand, and the melodious sound of psalms on the left.

Now is the days of counting, scribing, riding of horses, and the sound of the post-horn come ; surely there will be trade now ; and none will miss prosperity when every day is fair ; I add no more

on this head, but every one claim a right to his own set time, etc.

Another grievance of the female offenders I cannot omit, which attacks men's fancy, and is the cause of his fall ; I mean Flighters who has gotten a little of the means of Mammon, more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, haughtiness for humillty, value themselves as a treasure incomprehensible, their heads and hearts of Ophir-gold, their hips of silver, and their whole body as set about with precious stones, great and many are the congresses of their courtship, and the solemnizing of their marriage is like the conclusion of a peace after a bloody and tedious war.

And what is she after all ! yea, her poor penny will never be exhausted, it must be laid out in lunacy and laziness, she must have fine teas and the tuther thing. When pregnancy and the speuing of porich approaches, then she prophecies of her death ; as she hatches life, she embraces laziness ; then O the bed, the bed, nothing like the bed for a bad wife, her body becomes as par-boil'd, being so bed-ridden. * * * * Yet such lazy wives live long, and their children soon die ; their far fetched feigned sickness soon renders the husband to the substance of one sixpence, he becomes poor and hen-peck't under such petticoat government.

But when I Janet was a Janet, and had the judgment of my own house, my husband was thrice happy, I never held him down, he was above me day and night, I sat late and raise early, kept a fu' house and rough back, when summer came we minded winter's cauld, we had peace ay at porrich

time, and harmony through the day ; we supp'd our sowens at supper-time with a seasonable heat, and went to bed good bairns, kend naething but stark love and kindness, we wrought for riches, and our ages and earthly stores increased alike, we hated pride and loved peace ; he died with a good name ; I let you ken I live, but not as many do, not so lordly of my brain as some are of their belly ! and was not my life strange by that now practised ? Come help yourselves you hillokat livers and avoid it.

Now after a', if a poor man want a perfect wife, let him wale a weel blooded hissie, wi' braid shouders an thick about the haunches, that has been lang servant in ae house, tho' twice or thrice awa' and ay fied back, that's weel liked by the bairns and the bairn's mither, that's naeway cankard to the cats, nor kicks the colley-dogs amang her feet, that wad let a' brute beasts live, but rats, mice, lice, flaes, neets and bugs, that bites the wee bairns in their cradles, that carefully comb the young things' heads, washes their faces and claps their cheeks, wipes the snotter frae their nose as they were a' her ain, that's the lass that will mak' a good wife ; for them that daunts the young bairns, will ay be kind to auld fouk an they had them.

And ony hale-hearted halsome hissie, that wants to halter a good husband, never tak a widow's ae son, for a' the wifely gates in the world will be in him, for want of a father to teach him manly actions ; neither tak a sour looking sumf wi' a muckle mouth, and a wide guts who will eat like a horse and soss like a sow, suffer none to sup but himsel,

eat your meat and the bairns' baith ; when hungry angry, when fu' full of pride, ten sacks will not haud his sauce, tho' a pea-shap wad haud his siller. But go, tak your chance, and if cheated, channer not on me, for fashionable fouk flee to fashionable things, for lust is brutish blind, and fond love as blear-ey'd. I add no more, says Janet ; so be it, said Humphray the Clerk.

§ 6. To these might be added certain others, notably the humorous verses entitled "Watty and Meg," which has an enormous circulation in Sutland at the present day. But besides being modern, it is too well known to require more than a reference. While on the subject of poetical chap-books, mention should also be made of "The Comical Story of Thrummy Cap and the Ghaist," a well told but stupid narrative in broad Scotch, showing how Thrummy was instrumental in laying a certain ghost, and restoring to the laird his long lost title-needs ; and of the "Comical Tale of Margaret and the Minister," relating how Margaret, being invited to dine with the minister, pinned the table cover, instead of a napkin, to her breast, and having swallowed some mustard by mistake, rushed

from the room, dragging the cloth and the dishes with her. In the same company falls to be mentioned, the coarse but vigorous and well-sustained lamentation of the unfortunate schoolmaster, who was deposed for being a father when he should not have been one, "The Dominie Deposed, with a Sequel, by William Forbes, A. M., late schoolmaster at Petercoulter." Also, Ramsay's "The Monk and the Miller's Wife," and the "Magic Pill; or Davie and Bess." Less common than any of these, and infinitely less meritorious, are other two, with a brief specification of which we shall bring this chapter to a close.

A DIVERTING COURTSHIP.

An account of a diverting courtship, that lately happened in this neighbourhood, between a woman of four-score, and a youth of eighteen, whom she married. Likewise, an account of the great and most wonderful concessions this fond old woman made, during the courtship, in order to secure the young man for a husband.

1. She solemnly promised, under the penalty of keeping separate beds, which would break her heart, to be blind to all his faults—never to scold

or be jealous, even if she should catch him toying with a young lass.

2. To support and cherish him, suppose he got sick or lazy; and to be ready, at all times, to light and help him home from the ale-house, drunk or sober.

3. That, even if he should get a child or two by the bye, she would nourish and cherish them as if they were her own.

But, sorrowful to relate, poor granny could not keep her word; for, the third week after marriage she detected him kissing yellow Meg in her own bed-chamber, broke his head with the tatoe beetle, and scolded most furiously—on which he ran off with Meg to Edinburgh, after robbing the old wife of seventy pounds sterling. (8 pp., n.d.)

So runs the title of this pompous and common-place performance, in the shape of a dialogue between an old woman, and a youth of eighteen, the plot, and indeed the best, of which is contained in the title, which is all we care to quote.

THE PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

The Pleasures of Matrimony, interwoven with sundry *comical and delightful stories*, with the charming delights and ravishing sweets of Wooing and Wedlock, in all its diverting enjoyments. By Author Reid, Glasgow. Glasgow: Printed for booksellers.

This is a coarse and worthless performance, pretending to describe middle class life, and written not in Scotch but in stilted English. The only points of any interest in it are the descriptions of the visit of the young lady's maid to the conjuror to find out if a certain gallant is in love with her mistress; the visit of the gallant on a similar errand; the sack of posset which it was usual for the bride and bridegroom to drink before retiring for the first night; the locking of their chamber-door by the bride's mother; and the confirmation of a circumstance to which constant reference has been already made, viz: that the bridegroom invariably went to bed drunk.

The "Pleasures of Matrimony" is followed by a pendant in the shape of a short dissertation of four pages, entitled "The Bachelor's Miseries, Exemplified in the History of Mess John Magopico," which is merely a commonplace description of many of the inconveniences and troubles which fall to the lot of unmarried clergymen. Incidentally there is a curious reference to chap-books which may be worth repeating.

"He was a good lad, and would lay out a little money in purchasing pious books from travelling chapmen. None of your profane Jack the Giant Killer, Lovers' Garlands, or Wise Men o' Gotham; but, Experiences of Lizzie Wast, a Clat of Cauld Parritch, Neden's Prophecies, Satan's Invisible World, and a Louping-on Stane for [heavy-backed] Believers."

Mr. Halliwell gives the titles of three kindred works, the first of which is, probably, identical with Reid's version.

"The Pleasures of Matrimony, *interwoven with sundry comical and delightful stories, with the charming delights and ravishing sweets of wooing and wedlock in all its diverting enjoyments.* 12mo. London, n.d."

"The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, *with an edition of three comforts more.* 12mo. London, 1760."

This is a part translation of the *Quinze Joyes de Mariage*, and was reprinted from an earlier edition.

"The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, *or a looking-glass for all those who have entered on that holy and comfortable state, wherein are summed up all those blessings that attend a married life.* sm. 8vo. London, 1806."



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The publication before us will place his name in the illustrious list of the conservators of the memoirs of olden times as handed down to us in the folk lore of Scotland. A new lode has here been hit upon; a mine has been opened up rich with all the unguessed treasures of an unwrought seam, and well is the ore worthy of the zeal of the digger. Let him keep to his work, for which he has shown pith and fitness, and persevere in opening up the hidden strata of our early popular literature, whose characteristics he has so happily disclosed.—GREENOCK ADVERTISER.

This is a truly wonderful book, and it has a special claim on Scottish readers. The whole is divided into some sixty sections, of which a fair instalment is before us. A great deal of what we read is excellent as the best of Dean Ramsay's famous collection of anecdote and history. Like Dean Ramsay's work, it is reduced to order and system, and we have the feeling present to our minds of having a chronological review of a highly interesting subject, which, to a large extent, is new to us, or was previously but a matter of indistinct hearsay and no more. The mind is ever kept on the stretch for fresh discovery, for the reader feels as if he had stumbled upon a precious deposit which every fresh effort unearthed more clearly and showed to better advantage.—GREENOCK TELEGRAPH.

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